

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 541.—Vol. XXI.

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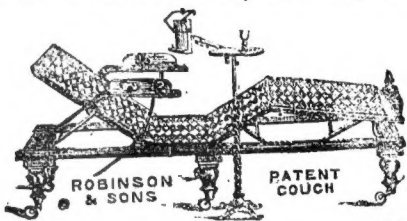
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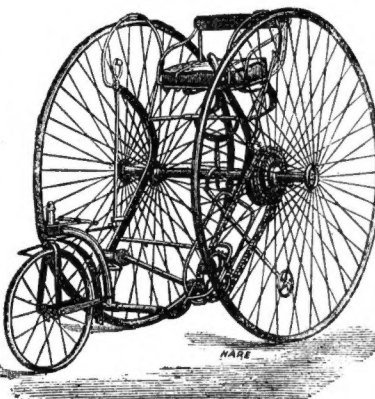


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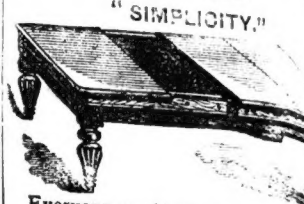


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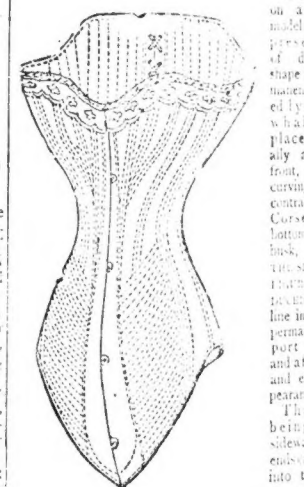


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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 541.—VOL. XXI.
Registered at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880

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Bermondsey Workmen voting



Marylebone—opposite a polling station



Chelsea—Flowers of Prince's Forest



The Borough—Candidates getting up a demonstration



Southwark Outside a Polling Station

Topics of the Week

THE CONSERVATIVE DEFEAT.—The late Lord Derby characterised the Reform Bill of 1867 as "a leap in the dark." Certainly since that time political forecasts have been especially difficult. In 1868 the newly-enfranchised electors rewarded the Tories for the boon they had bestowed by voting against them. In 1874 the electors reversed their verdict, and drove the Gladstone Ministry from office. That Government had become somewhat unpopular, still the thoroughness of the decision was a surprise. The verdict of 1880 is a still greater surprise. When Mr. Gladstone, as he started from King's Cross for his second Scottish crusade, proclaimed that he meant to sweep a number of gentlemen from their seats, most people, whether friendly or hostile, thought that he was unduly confident. His boast, however, has been fulfilled, even beyond his own anticipations, and the Conservatives have sustained a very severe defeat. How is this astonishing reverse to be accounted for? Before attempting to fix on the causes, two unquestionable facts may be noted. First, that, owing to the interest aroused and the energy of canvassers, an unusual percentage of electors went to the poll. Secondly, that a number of electors, who in 1874 either remained neutral or voted for the Conservatives, must have gone over to the Liberal camp. This brings us to the crucial point, "Why did they thus go over? The Opposition have directed their attacks during the last six months almost entirely against the foreign policy of the Government, but it seems very doubtful whether dislike of his foreign policy has induced the electors to overthrow Lord Beaconsfield. Being aware of the difficulty and complexity of international politics, the mass of our countrymen are usually willing to leave such matters in the hands of the Government, but if they see reason to be discontented with their management they express that discontent pretty plainly. Now, neither within nor without the walls of Parliament has there been any indication that the bulk of the nation disapproved of the policy of the Government with regard to Turkey, Afghanistan, or South Africa. This does not prove that the Government were right, but it does prove that up to the time of polling the electors did not think them very deeply in the wrong. We venture to think that the hostility against the Government which has now made itself manifest is due to a number of causes, but that the verdict which has been given is not a decisive verdict against their foreign policy. Now for our causes. Lord Beaconsfield's Dis-solution was a challenge to his enemies to try their strength, and, of course, they tried it to the uttermost. He had better have let the Parliament die a natural death. His Manifesto fell very flat, and, like the proverbial staff, pierced the hand which leant on it. Next, Democratic electors enjoy the sense of power. They like to feel that they can make and unmake Cabinet Ministers. Hence, when polling day comes, the odds are usually against the men in office. Then trade has been bad, and the seasons have been extraordinarily unpropitious during the whole of the Beaconsfield reign. The Tories are curiously unfortunate in this respect, and without doubt this ill-luck prejudices people against them. Lastly, the feebleness of the Government in domestic legislation, and their incapacity or unwillingness to curb the Home Rulers, has given deep offence. Other causes might be enumerated, but those given above are especially influential with the English small-borough electors, and it is chiefly they who are responsible for sending Lord Beaconsfield and his comrades to the right-about.

THE COMING SESSION.—Mr. Lowe has expressed his conviction that the new Ministry should lose no time in introducing important measures, and even urges that some of the greatest questions of contemporary interest should be disposed of before August. There is a good deal to be said in support of this advice. The elections have once more proved that Democracies are fickle, and soon become bored by the proceedings of any one set of politicians. They have ardent faith in the power of the State, and when they see that a Government in office is not achieving so much as might be expected they think that it is time for another Cabinet to have a chance. Thus the early years, or rather the early months, of a Ministry are its best time, during which it may hope to achieve a large amount of vigorous and useful work. As to the approaching Session, a good deal will depend on the course Lord Beaconsfield will now pursue. If he resolves to face Parliament and to challenge discussion on his general policy, so much time will be lost that the Session will necessarily be almost barren. Should he, on the other hand, follow the precedent set by himself and Mr. Gladstone at the last two General Elections, and resign before the assembling of Parliament, it is possible that Mr. Lowe's counsel may be in some measure, if not altogether, adopted. Lord Beaconsfield is not likely to be much influenced by the prevailing opinion as to the proper time for the retirement of his Cabinet; but there are solid reasons in favour of an immediate resignation. A discussion on the policy of the Government would be altogether out of date. Everybody has arrived at a decision on the subject, and the only problems which interest the country are those relating to the future. The speedy formation of a Liberal Cabinet would, perhaps, benefit not only England but the

world, since it would give Mr. Gladstone an opportunity (if he chose to take advantage of it) of allaying the fears which have been aroused on the Continent by the overthrow of the chief author of the Treaty of Berlin.

A STRONG LIBERAL MAJORITY.—At the time we are writing, the relative strength of parties in the new House of Commons may be estimated with a fair degree of accuracy, as Conservative accessions from the English counties (which accessions are more likely to be diminished than increased) will be fully balanced by Liberal returns which are yet to come from Scotland and Ireland. One danger, at all events, has been thoroughly surmounted. Less than a fortnight ago nearly everybody believed that the Liberals, at the utmost, could not obtain more than a very small majority over their opponents, and that therefore they would be tempted to make common cause with the Home Rulers. This temptation has now been removed, evidently to the annoyance of the Parnellites, whose chieftain advised the people of Cork to vote for a Tory rather than "a rotten Whig." The probable behaviour of the Home Rulers in the new House naturally excites a good deal of speculation. It is their interest to conduct themselves inoffensively, or they will run the risk of being extinguished by a Liberal-Conservative coalition. As for the Liberals themselves, there is sure to be a certain amount of disagreement among them, but there is no reason why this need culminate in intestine hostility. It is of the very nature of Liberalism to include under its banner many divergent opinions. No one, for example, imagines, although they are both called Liberals, that Lord Granville thinks on many political subjects as Sir Charles Dilke thinks. Still, they each form very useful component parts of the Liberal Family Coach. A coach must be provided with a drag as well as with wheels. Nevertheless, we venture to hint to Lord Granville and to men of similar opinions that when the Liberal electors were voting lately they were thinking rather of the wheels of the aforesaid coach than of the drag, and that, unless a driver is provided who can make the vehicle spin along, they will speedily bid him come down from his box.

SUBMISSION TO THE DEMOCRACY.—In a remarkable speech delivered by Mr. Lowe after his election by the London University, he announced that he would no longer oppose the extension of the suffrage. This would be good news if the decision had sprung from a change of conviction as to the true character of a representative system; but Mr. Lowe did not indicate that his opinions are in the slightest degree altered. He simply recognises the fact that the majority of the nation differ from him, and resolves not to oppose popular sentiment. This is hardly the course that was to be expected from a vigorous and independent statesman. The business of a great political chief is surely not merely to register the decrees of the constituencies, but to examine important questions for himself, and to do what he can to bring the country to his own way of thinking. This is the principle on which all leading statesmen in the past have acted, and if it is abandoned we can scarcely be surprised if the political intelligence of the nation should sink to a very low level. The same sort of tactics as Mr. Lowe has now adopted have been pursued in Scotland by the Liberal leaders with regard to the question of the Disestablishment of the Scotch Church. None of them have ventured to say whether they think this proposal expedient or inexpedient; they simply assert that if the majority of Scotchmen wish Disestablishment the demand will be granted. This mode of action saves a great deal of trouble, but it is neither manly nor prudent. The movement is in itself either right or wrong. If it is wrong, it ought to be openly opposed by politicians who take this view; if it is right it should be as openly supported. The plan of "letting things drift" simply means that for the most part they are to be left to the domination of passion and prejudice.

THE CLEWER CASE.—Those who, like ourselves, lament that these dissensions should arise within the Church, are naturally inclined to contrast Mr. Carter's honourable and straightforward action in tendering his resignation with the contumacious conduct of certain other Ritualistic clergymen. It is true that Mr. Carter holds that their cases differ from his own, and that, whilst they are battling against legal authorities, whose right to interfere with them they refuse to admit, his business only lay with his parishioners and his Bishop. But we have no intention here of discussing the merits of the case itself, we prefer rather to direct attention to the very interesting concluding paragraph of Mr. Carter's letter to Canon Liddon. It is a comfort to those who prefer Ritualism to Rome (although they may not approve of either) to learn that Mr. Carter has no intention of "going over," and that he styles the action of those who did go as "a grievous error." We have often heard uncharitable people say—"These Ritualists had better go over to Rome, the Church will be well rid of them," and the utterance of such language has doubtless driven many conscientious men and women into the arms of that Church which is naturally always eager for proselytes. Altogether, it is to be hoped that secessions to Rome are likely to decrease rather than to increase. The theory and practice of the High Church party is better understood than it was five-and-twenty years ago, the prejudices of their opponents have been modified, and people now see that if

such men as Newman and Manning had been treated tenderly and charitably when their conscientious struggles first began, they would most likely have remained as ornaments of the Church in which they were nurtured. Add to this, that people have a more practical knowledge of the Roman Church than they had a generation back, when it possessed the fascination and mystery which attaches to the unknown, and which to young and ardent minds is especially attractive. Nowadays, a good many people have made the journey to Rome. Its mysteries have been explored thoroughly. Some have come back disappointed. Others, it is whispered, who have stayed, are disappointed too. With these facts in view, remembering that ever since the Reformation there has been a High and Low section in our Church, remembering also the improvements introduced by High Churchmen and adopted by clergymen of all shades of opinion, we should be chary of acting as if one party alone within the Anglican fold was in exclusive possession of the truth.

THE NEW PREMIER.—It is still uncertain who will be invited to form the Liberal Cabinet, but there can be no sort of doubt as to the statesman on whom the choice of the nation has fallen. The elections have clearly proved that Mr. Gladstone alone enjoys the full confidence of the majority of the constituencies. Liberals of all shades of opinion recognise that it is to him they owe the astonishing triumph which their party has just achieved. Lord Granville and Lord Hartington have, indeed, in a general way, opposed the policy of the Government; but they have never done so in a manner to excite popular enthusiasm. They have been calm and sensible, and most people suppose that if they had been in office their policy would not have diverged very widely from that which the Tory Ministry have executed. But Mr. Gladstone has from the beginning been passionately earnest and vehement; he has denounced the Cabinet not merely as mistaken politicians but as a body of men who were outraging every principle of public morality and freedom. His ardour has carried everything before it, and the country instinctively feels that it is he to whom its destinies ought now to be entrusted. The decision will probably rest with himself, and his colleagues would have a right to say that in justice to them he is bound to put aside his personal inclinations and once more to assume the supreme place. If he were outside the Cabinet, they would not really be independent; they would hold much the same position with regard to Mr. Gladstone as the French Ministry hold with regard to M. Gambetta. In the interest of the nation as a whole it is in a high degree undesirable that so powerful a man should act as a mere freelance in politics. Everybody knows how readily he is swayed by impulse, and how quickly, under certain conditions, his impulses change. They can be brought in some measure under wise control only by the responsibility which attaches to the Premiership.

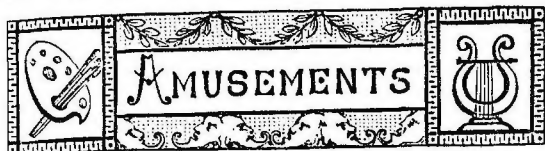
LIBERALISM AND PEACE.—The chief accusation of the Liberals against what Mr. Lowe calls "the late-present Government" is that they have disturbed the peace of the world, and we are assured on all hands that we are now about to enter on an era of universal tranquillity. We have no doubt that this is the sincere intention of the Liberal party, and everybody must, of course, hope that they will succeed in achieving so good an object. It must, however, be admitted that the condition of Europe is not reassuring. Englishmen would be very unwise if amid the intoxication of victory or the discouragement of defeat they allowed themselves to forget the important fact that the great States on the Continent are armed to the teeth, that they are regarding each other with bitter jealousy, and that they may be forced into war to get rid of unendurable military burdens. At almost any moment a fire might be rekindled in South-Eastern Europe which would break into flame all over the Western world. Not one of the nationalities in that disturbed region is satisfied. All of them have vague ambitions, and still look to Russia as the Power by which their aims may be most readily attained. The belief that England was resolved at all costs to resist Russia held them in check, and it remains to be seen whether they will continue quiet now that this belief has been unexpectedly shaken. We do not say that the Liberal Ministry will be subservient to Russia; it may perhaps have some surprises in store for the world in connection with this debated point. But what it is at present important to remark is that the nationalities of the Balkan Peninsula firmly believe that English Liberals will let Russia do what she pleases, and even support her in any aggressive designs which she may henceforth undertake. Be it well-founded or mistaken, this conviction may lead to consequences which will make the period of Liberal rule anything but an era of peace.

"A ROBBERS' MAZE."—Some gentleman the other day had the misfortune to be robbed of his watch in the neighbourhood of Newport Market, and seems at once to have jumped to the conclusion that the whole neighbourhood was bristling with brigands, as he sent to the papers a most sensational account of this alleged colony of plunderers. Some people, young people especially, snatch a fearful joy from these kind of stories. When we were young there used to be terrifying legends about the Dark Arches under Adelphi Terrace, and about a street in Whitechapel where every

APRIL 10, 1880

house was said to communicate with the next, all being occupied by depredators on the public, who thus managed to dodge the police when pursued. A correspondent of *The Times* exposes the fallacy of this "Robbers' Maze" in Soho, and we can corroborate his statement from many years' personal acquaintance with the same region. Nobody ever molested or annoyed us. Nevertheless there is a Robber there of whom it is as desirable to be rid as of any felonious candidate for the treadmill. This is a Robber who robs people of their health and of their lives, and he lurks in the Cave of Overcrowding, Decay, and Dirt. Now that the new street from Charing Cross to Tottenham Court Road (the making of which has been delayed by disputes with the ground landlord, the Marquis of Salisbury) is at last to be begun, it is to be hoped that this Robber will be captured, but it is also to be hoped—and the same remark applies to the clearance which is being made in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane—that proper dwelling-house accommodation will be provided for the extruded inhabitants, or they will overcrowd some other district, and render it equally insanitary.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 372 and 381.



LYCEUM.—MERCHANT OF VENICE Every Evening, at 8.15. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances every Saturday during April at 2 o'clock. Box-office open 10 to 5.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS, 200 yards from the "Angel."—Proprietor and Manager, Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN.—SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.—At the close of this series of performances Mrs. Bateman begs to acknowledge the kindly reception her effort to revive those great works at the old home of the classic drama has received from press and public, and to announce that during the next season she trusts to worthily present HAMLET, JULIUS CÆSAR, RICHARD III., KING JOHN, HENRY VIII., &c., to the patrons of NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—SATURDAY, March 27, and Every Evening, at 8, Tom Taylor's great drama, CLANCARTY, with new and appropriate scenery, dresses, and appointments. Clancarty, Mr. W. H. Vernon; Lady Clancarty, Miss Isabel Bateman. Prices from 6d. to 7s. 6d. No fees.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 6.45, THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Misses Milly Howes, A. Lyall, K. Seymour, L. Austin, Sisters Osborne, Holt, A. Gilbert, Mr. J. W. Hanson. GEMMA. Misses B. Adams, Bellair, Summers, Brewer, Kynner, Messrs. J. B. Howe, Newbound, Evans, Lewis, Charlton, Towers. THE DEVIL TO PAY. Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Bigwood, Drayton, Reeve, Hyde, Herman.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7, THE PIERROT'S DAY OUT. Mr. Frank Sims' Ballet Troupe. At 7.30, RUSSIAN BALLET. Messrs. F. Gould, Dobell, Monkhouse, Syme, Parker, Glenn, Grant; Mdles. Marie Allen, Agnes Thomas, Jane Coveney, M. A. Victor, Inch, &c. To conclude with THE DIVIDED HOUSE.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NVE CHART.—On MONDAY, April 15, last Six Nights only of the celebrated VOKES FAMILY.

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY NEXT, quarter past three, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Quintet in D, Mozart; Piano Quartet, E. flat, Schumann; Barcarole; Violin Solo, Spohr; Andante and Scherzo; Quartet, Mendelssohn; Piano Solos by Kirchner; and Scherzo, B. minor, Chopin. Executants: Papini, Wiener, Hollander, Hann, and Lasserre. Pianist, Oscar Beringer. Ticket for all parts of the hall, 7s. 6d. each, to be had of Lucas and Co., and Oliver and Co., Bond Street, and of Austin at the Hall. HANS VON BULOW will play in May.—J. ELLA, Director.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron: Her Majesty the QUEEN.—SECOND CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, April 27, at 8 o'clock. Messe Solennelle, No. 2 in D (Cherubini); Sanctus in D (F. Seb. Bach); Meersville and Glückliche Fahrt (Beethoven); Die Erste Walpurgisnacht (Mendelssohn). Artists: Mrs. Osgood, Miss Hohenfeld, and Madame Patey; Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Henschel. Full Orchestra and the Bach Choir. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Stalls and front row in the balcony, 12s. 6d.; reserved, 7s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s., 3s., and 2s. Stanley, Lucas, Weber, and Co., No. 84, New Bond Street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 59, New Bond Street; and Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—THE FIRST CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY AFTERNOON Next, April 24, at 3 o'clock. The Programme will include Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, No. 9, and Rubinstein's Symphony in F minor, No. 1, Op. 49 (first time of performance); Ernst's Violin Concerto in F minor and Weber's "Oberon" Overture. Vocalist, Madame Marie Roze. Violin, Monsieur Emile Sauret. Conductor, Mr. Ganz. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s.; at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, Austin's Ticket Office, the usual places, and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 120, Harley Street, W.

MADAME DAX DALTON, the celebrated prima donna, from the principal theatres of Europe, has arrived in London for the season, and is open to ENGAGEMENTS for private and public concerts, &c. For terms apply to the Manager of "La Posta di Londra," Farnham's Inn, London, who will undertake to engage by order also other celebrated opera singers and musical conductors.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Messrs. MOORE AND BURGESS, Sole Lessees. THE MOORE AND BURGESS HALL BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED AND EMBELLISHED by Messrs. LEA & Co., of Warwick Street, Regent Street. NEW AND LUXURIOUS FAUTEUILS have been manufactured by Messrs. SHOOLBRED, of Tottenham House.

THE PRIVATE BOXES AND STAGE APPOINTMENTS ARE ENTIRELY NEW. Stalls Newly Carpeted, &c., &c. Rendering the Moore and Burgess Hall THE MOST ELEGANT AND COMFORTABLE Place of Amusement in London.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER ENTERTAINMENT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. EVERY NIGHT at 8.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 3 and 8. New and luxurious fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d. No Fees.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is now OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission (including Catalogue), 1s.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists. Every Evening at 8 o'clock. Miss Nelly Power, Messrs. G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, The Brothers Dare, &c. Grand Ballet Divertissement from THE PERI OF PERU, at 8 o'clock. Mdles. Alice Holt, Aguzzi, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet. Snowball Ballet at 10.15. Prices 6d. to 4s. 2s.

CANTERBURY.—Every Evening, Great Success of the Grand Spectacular Snowball Ballet. Novel Effects. Received with immense applause. Arranged by M. Dewinne. Premiere Danseuse, Mdle. Ada, supported by Mdles. Broughton, Powell, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. CASTLE BOTHEREM, by Arthur Law; music by Hamilton Clarke. After which ROTTEN ROW, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with THREE PLAYS, by Arthur A. Beckett; music by Edouard Malrois. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s., and 5s.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

Now open daily to the Public an Exhibition of FEMALE TYPES OF BEAUTY.

painted expressly for the Proprietors of "THE GRAPHIC" by the following Artists among others: P. H. CALDERON, R.A. FRANK DICKSEE. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A. HOPKINS. G. D. LESLIE, R.A. E. LONG, R.A. PHILIP MORRIS, A.R.A. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A. G. STOREY, A.R.A. C. E. PERUGINI. ALMA TADEMA, R.A. J. J. TISSOT.

AND "CHERRY RIFE," by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

A Collection of Black and White Drawings by the following Artists are also on view: H. HERKOMER, R.A. F. E. TILDES, A.R.A. FRANK HOLL, A.R.A. W. SMALL. MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON. CHARLES GREEN. E. J. CHARLTON. F. J. GREGORY. H. WOODS. S. E. WALLER. The Exhibition also includes Water-Colour Drawings by E. K. JOHNSON. SEYMOUR LUCAS. W. L. THOMAS. R. CALDECOTT. W. SMALL. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING.

14, GRAFTON STREET, One Door from 164, NEW BOND STREET.

NOTE.—As the proceeds will be given to a charitable fund for the benefit of Artists, no free invitations will be issued.

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BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR. TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton on Sundays at 8.30 p.m. EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. First Class.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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THE ELECTIONS

SINCE the substitution of secret for open voting and the abolition of hustings, elections have tended to become, from the artist's point of view at all events, rather tame, colourless affairs. In London especially they took place in such a quiet unobtrusive way that a passing stranger might remain in total ignorance of the fact that the inhabitants of the most populous town in the world were engaged in choosing, let us say, their educational chieftains and chieftainesses. In small country towns, of course, every one knows something of his neighbours' business, but in London the interest must be of a very all-pervading character to cause it to be freely transmitted from man to man.

These characteristics, however, cannot be asserted of the metropolitan elections which have just taken place. The interest aroused has been intense, far greater than that of 1874 or 1868, and rather recalling distant memories of 1841, when the Whigs fell amid general rejoicing. Then the repeal of the Act forbidding the conveyance of voters in boroughs has added a touch of colour and character to the meagre outward signs and tokens of a modern election. Rows of cabs and other vehicles, plastered all over with bills, the horses' heads being decorated with partisan rosettes, and filled with voters whose aspect betokened that carriage exercise was an exceptional rather than an ordinary luxury, recalled to us the bygone days when candidates bawled themselves hoarse from the hustings, when orange and blue banners flaunted through the streets, and when the enthusiasm of the crowd was stimulated by hourly declarations of the state of the poll.

There has been no want of placarding on the present occasion; every coign of vantage has been utilised, and statements calculated to damage the opposite party, whether fair or unfair, true or untrue, have been freely put forth. Then, besides active personal canvassing, the appeals by way of letter or circular must have involved a large expenditure. Caricatures, too, have been exceptionally rife, and some of them have been very clever and effective. Altogether, considering the huge size of this city, and the number of rough characters which it contains, it is creditable to the public that the metropolitan elections passed off without serious disorder, especially as partisan feeling was so strongly aroused.

A very brief description will suffice for our sketches. In the top and bottom engravings, Marylebone and Southwark are contrasted. The polling booth depicted in the former borough was opposite Marshall and Snelgrove's—a very aristocratic establishment—and while our artist was there several voters drove up in their private carriages to record their suffrages; while the Southwark station was alongside of an oilman's shop, and was frequented by a much humbler class of electors. Another sketch our artist entitles "Flowers of Prince Florestan," in allusion to the political play of *Rabagas*. The incident represented occurred in the Fulham Road, outside the committee room of Messrs. Dilke and Firth, whose supporters were distributing yellow flowers to the sandwich men and others. The engraving of "Workmen Voting at Bermondsey" speaks for itself, as also does "Candidates Driving through the Borough" (i.e., Southwark, *par excellence*) on the day of the election.

THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS

OUR invitation card informs us that we are expected to be on the Waterloo Police Pier between seven and half-past on the evening of March 18. We wend our way along the Thames Embankment on a splendid moonlight night to the pier, on which a well-dressed crowd is waiting for one of the boats to take them on board H.M.S. *Rainbow*. In a few minutes a boat arrives, rowed by volunteers in their becoming uniform of dark blue, and we are taken to the gangway of the mysterious-looking craft which is moored between Waterloo Bridge and the Temple Stairs. Although we are only the third boat-load, the lower deck is already half filled. As boat after boat puts the visitors on board, the ladies become nervous, and ask, "What shall we do if it sinks?" The old relic of the Russian War, however, has not the slightest intention of doing any such a thing, and bears her cargo quite buoyantly as a tug and some barges pass by and cause her to roll slightly.

At last everybody has settled down into his respective chair or corner. A tea-table blocks up a part of the valuable space—not unpleasantly, however, as we afterwards find. The orchestra now plays a short overture, and the curtain rises on Andrew Halliday's comedy of *Checkmate*, in which the leading male characters are capably sustained by Messrs. Stokes and F. Jacks; and the more difficult task of acting female characters is very ably fulfilled by Gunners Detmar and O'Connor. The success of the evening, however, is the musical absurdity which follows the more sedate play—*Catchecomeeoquah* is the modest name of the original play, by Gunners Fuller, Williams, and Brown.

Our scene is taken from the last part of this performance, when the "photographic artist," Mr. Ferriotype (Sub-Lieutenant Jacks) is in the act of taking a group which his fond ambition leads him to hope he will see among the beauties in the Regent Street shops in days to come. He is madly in love with Constantia (Gunner Pritchett), who, with Captain Hawsepape (Leading Gunner R. Brown) and Snowball, the black cook (Gunner Fuller), are wrecked upon a desert island. They come across two missionaries (Leading Gunner Crosley and Gunner Dovers), who are in a great state of grief as they can find no natives to convert. The natives at last appear in the shape of Catchecomeeoquah (2nd C. P. O. Tamplin), Ramme-Damme (Gunner Williams), and Jamme-Jamme (Leading Gunner Jacks), who turn the tables, and express a desire to convert the two gentlemen from Exeter Hall into a dish of stew; which benevolent idea is much approved of by Snowball, who finds he is forgetting the art of cooking. Matters are at last put straight by the discovery that the Indian King and his followers are no other than Robinson and his daughter, with her lover, Jones, of London, whose love of adventure has caused them to don the war paint. Marriages are arranged between Ferriotype and Constantia and Jones and Miss Robinson, and the happy family then fall into a picturesque group, and are photographed by the devoted swain of Constantia.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT DUBLIN CASTLE

ALL Irishmen, whether at home or abroad, look upon it as a national duty to rejoice and make merry on St. Patrick's Day, and nowhere are the popular demonstrations of the occasion carried on with more enthusiasm than in the City of Dublin. This year was no exception to the rule. The city made holiday, and the streets were thronged with people in green garments, every person having his or her sprig of shamrock. The great spectacle of the day was the Relief of the Castle Guard and the Trooping of the Colours in the yard of the Castle in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Marlborough and a brilliant gathering of ladies and gentlemen attached to the Viceregal Court, who watched the scene from a balcony overlooking the yard. Her Grace wore a dress of rich green velvet, and she and every other member of the Court carried a tiny bouquet of the "dear little plant" which has so entwined itself around the hearts of Irishmen and women. The troops which took part in the glittering spectacle below comprised detachments of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and the 57th, 82nd, and 84th Regiments. The Trooping of the Colours being first performed, was followed by Relieving Guard—a prosaic duty enough on ordinary days, but one which on these special occasions is performed with all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." After this the National Anthem was played, the closing notes being cheered by the delighted crowd, and then the troops retired to their quarters. The Viceregal party, however, remained upon the balcony for some time, whilst some of the crowd danced jigs in the yard below.—Our engraving of "Trooping the Colours" is from a sketch by Mr. E. Trevor Owen.

DALMENY

WE have here a view of the residence of the Earl of Rosebery, where Mr. Gladstone has been staying during his electoral canvass of Midlothian. This handsome mansion is beautifully situated in an extensive and well wooded park upon the shores of the Forth, about seven miles westward of Edinburgh. On Tuesday, the day after the polling, Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by the Earl of Rosebery and Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, drove to Linlithgow in an open carriage, and after the new member had made a speech to the crowd from a balcony in front of the Town Hall, the party visited the ancient parish church and the palace. On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone and his wife and daughter left Dalmeny for Hawarden Castle. They travelled by the night mail, and the journey was devoid of incident, for Mr. Gladstone having heard that at various points of the route his friends intended to offer him their congratulations, had written to the *Scotsman*, saying that now that the contest was over it would be well to avoid any proceedings which might be construed as boastful display, or gratuitous disregard of the feelings of opponents. On arriving at Chester, however, Mr. Gladstone was enthusiastically welcomed by a crowd which had assembled to meet him.—Our view of Dalmeny House is from a sketch by Mr. Geo. M. Paterson.

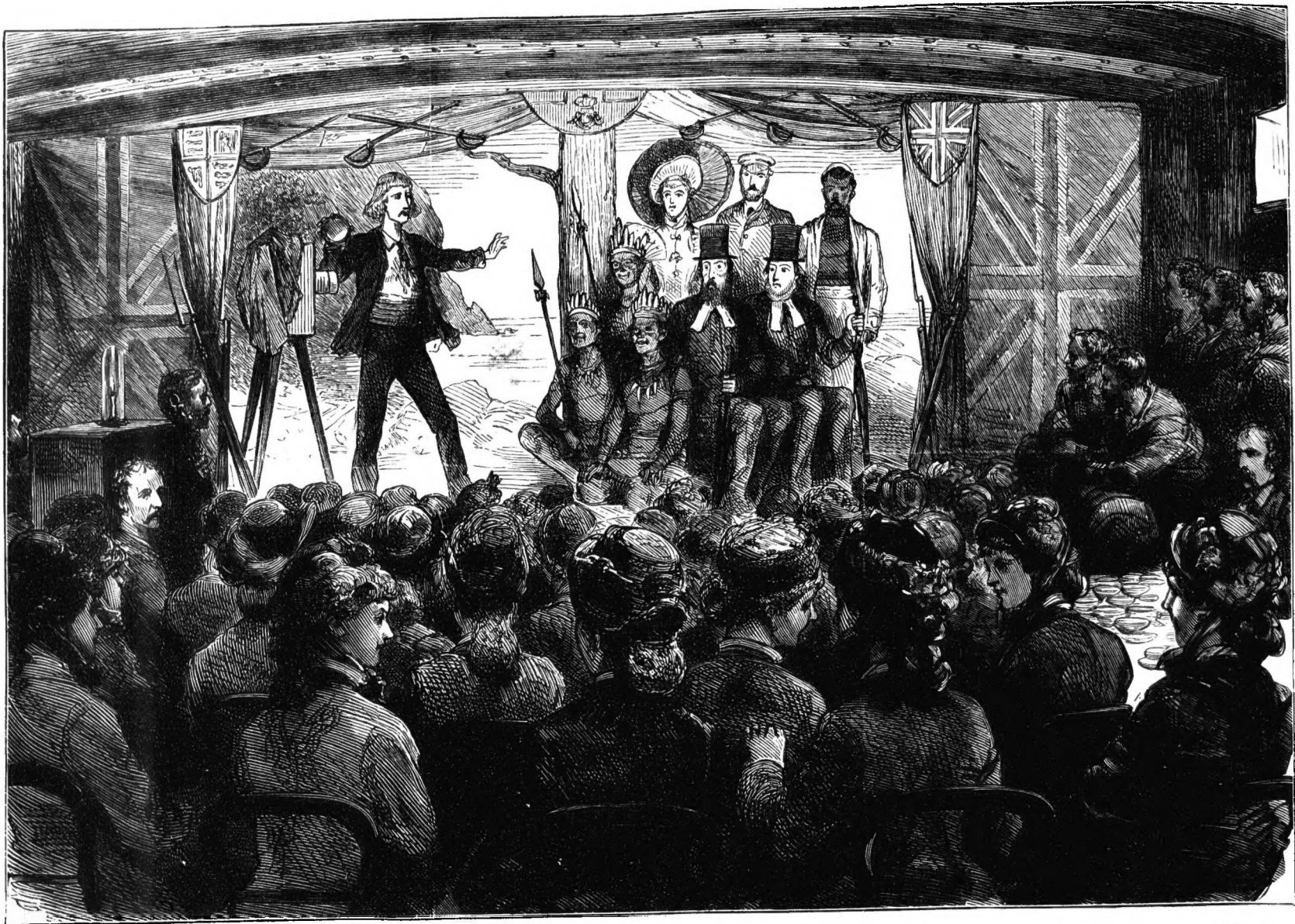
DECLARATION OF THE POLL AT LEEDS

THE election at Leeds took place on Thursday, the 1st inst., and the poll was declared at 9.30 P.M. Mr. Gladstone (whom the Liberals of Leeds resolved to honour in this practical way in case he should fail in Midlothian) was returned at the head of the poll with 24,622 votes; then came Mr. Barran, also Liberal, with 23,647 votes; and then Mr. Jackson, the Conservative, with 13,331 votes. Mr. Wheelhouse, one of the former Conservative members, was unseated.

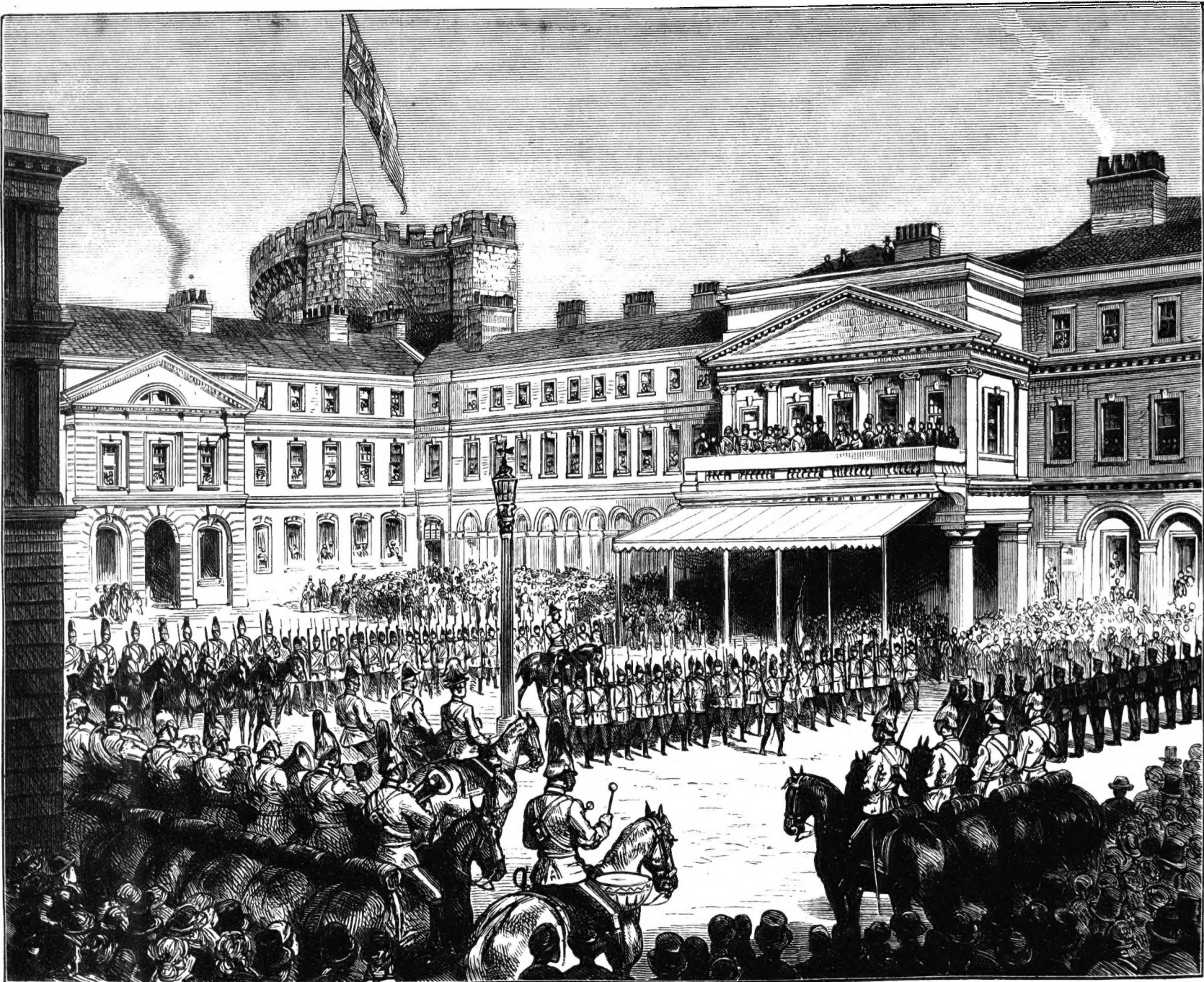
When the poll was declared, some 50,000 people had assembled before the Town Hall in Victoria Square. Outside the windows of the Town Clerk's Office a large platform had been erected, which was most brilliantly illuminated by two of Bray's Patent 200-Candle Power Lanterns, similar to those supplied to the Corporation of Birmingham and other places. As the voice of the Mayor could only be heard for a short distance, a large screen had been erected, on which the names of the candidates, and the number of votes each had obtained, was shown by the lime-light. The sight of the figures produced unbounded enthusiasm.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. W. H. Rice, and it was taken from the warehouse of Messrs. Schofield and Rice, mantle and costume manufacturers, opposite the Town Hall.

THE ITALIAN HUNDRED-TON GUN

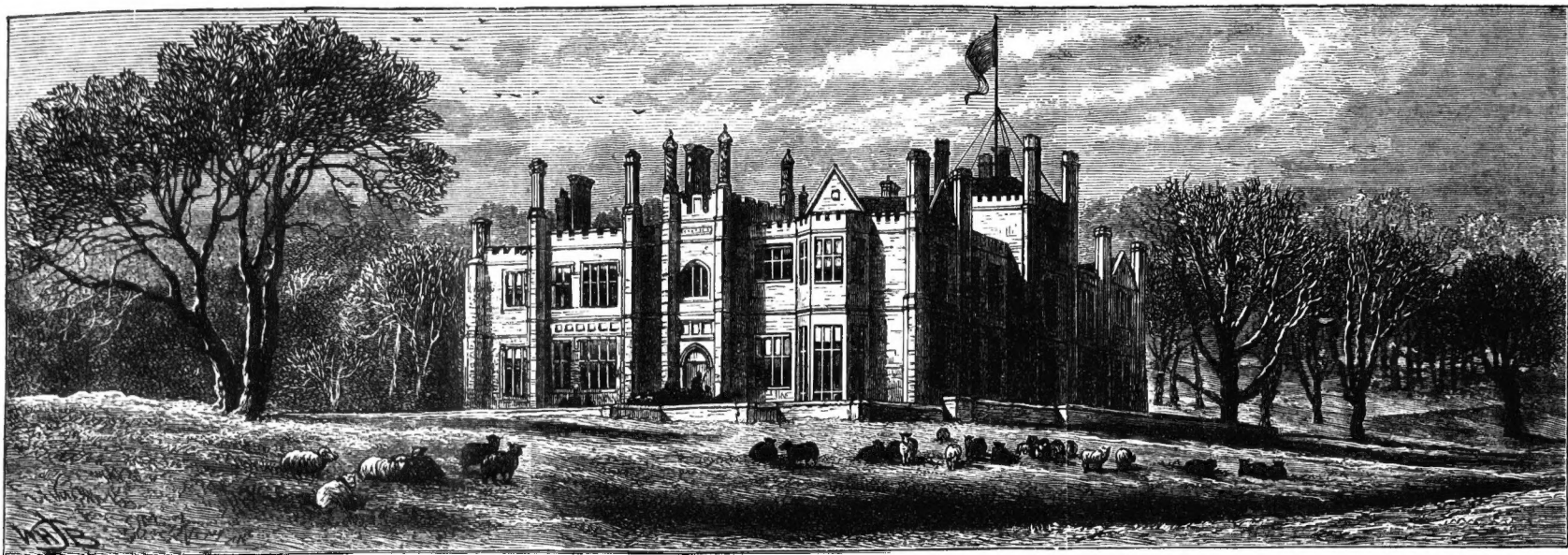
ON March 6 one of the four 100-ton muzzle-loading Armstrong guns, which constitute the formidable armament of the Italian iron-clad *Duilio*, burst in the course of some experiments with these



THE ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD H.M.S. "RAINBOW"
SCENE FROM "CATCHEEOOMEEOQUAH"



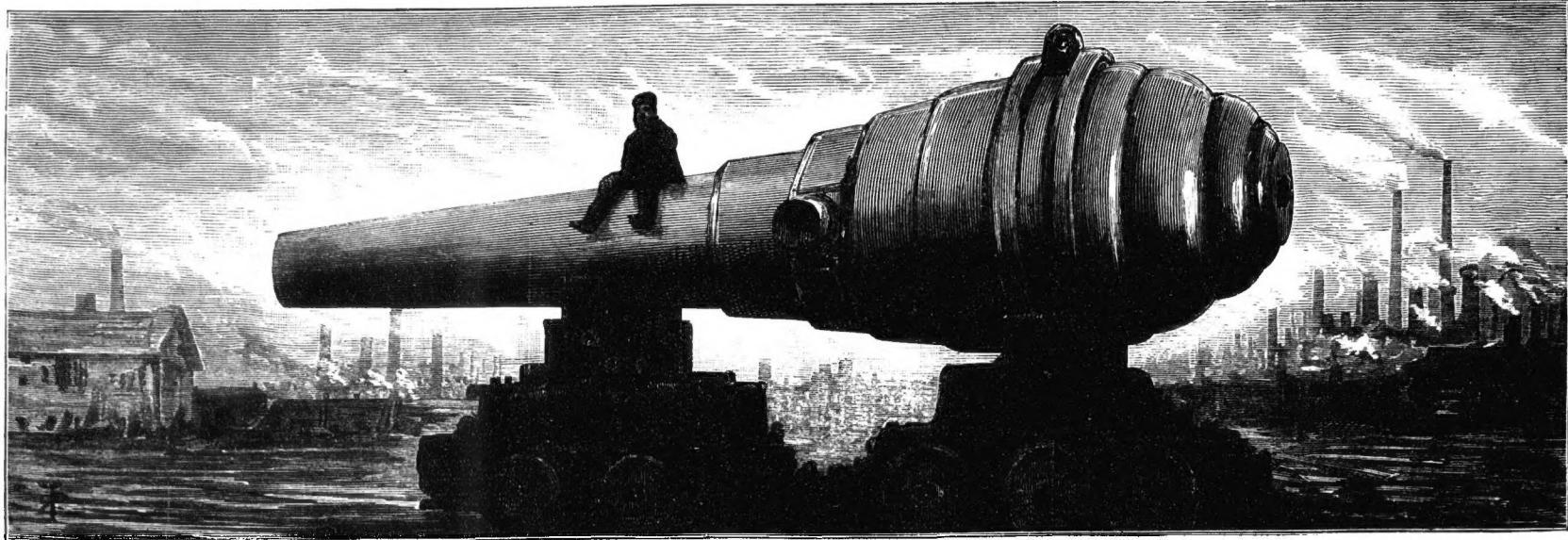
ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN IRELAND—TROOPING THE COLOURS BEFORE THE LORD LIEUTENANT AT DUBLIN CASTLE



DALMENY, THE SEAT OF LORD ROSEBERY, WHERE MR. GLADSTONE HAS BEEN STAYING



THE GENERAL ELECTION — DECLARATION OF THE RESULT OF THE POLL AT THE TOWN HALL, LEEDS



THE HUNDRED-TON GUN WHICH RECENTLY BURST ON BOARD THE "DUILIO" AT SPEZIA

monster weapons. Two officers and seven men were wounded, but nobody was killed, while little damage was done to the turret in which it was housed. Twenty-eight rounds had previously been fired from the gun, and with heavier charges than those for which it had been designed. "The steel tube of the gun," writes a correspondent, who has kindly furnished us with the photograph from which our illustration is engraved, and which represents it before its departure for Italy, at Sir W. Armstrong's works at Elswick, "parted transversely, and drew out from beneath the coils, thus dividing the gun into two parts without any dispersion of fragments. The charge used on the occasion was 551 lbs. of powder, with a shot of 2,000 lbs. It is probable that an abnormal pressure, known to artillerymen as wave action, had been set up owing to some irregularity in the cartridge and the mode of igniting. This action is known to be very liable to occur where the charge is very large, and where it is ignited, as in the present instance, from a rear vent without a free passage through the centre of the cartridge. A little temerity appears to have been exhibited in advancing to these enormous charges without a certainty of avoiding the danger of this wave action."

BADEN-BADEN

"PRINCES may be met here in abundance, but they are usually outnumbered by blacklegs." Such was the definition of Baden-Baden a few years before the abolition of the gaming tables; but now, except perhaps in pigeon-shooting and race weeks, the blacklegs may be fairly left out of the question, while the Princes appear to increase in number. Gloomy were the prophecies of the fate of the "Fair Penitent," as the town was called when the last cry of "Rien ne va plus" had sounded in its gambling saloons; but penitent though she might be, Baden-Baden showed no signs of mourning, and strove, by increased legitimate attractions, social, musical, and dramatic, to maintain her prestige as one of the most fashionable resorts in Europe. In this she has completely succeeded, for though her visitors have changed in aspect, they have scarcely altered in numbers, and the terrace before the Conversation Haus, the concert hall within, or the drive in the Lichtenthal Avenue, are as thronged as in days of yore when worthy M. Benazet was king. Not, however, that Baden-Baden needs any artificial embellishment to attract visitors. Charming situated in the picturesque valley of the Oos, which clear little stream meanders prettily through the town, surrounded by high hills clad with magnificent firs, and standing on the very borders of the Black Forest, a more perfect holiday resort can scarcely be imagined. The excursions which may be made into the neighbourhood are simply innumerable, and within a short walk there are a dozen picturesque resorts. Of these the most favourite is the Alte Schloss, or Old Castle, shown in one of our illustrations, and which stands on the height which dominates the town, part of which dates from the time of the Romans—for thus early was Baden-Baden a favourite resort for the sake of its mineral waters, under the name of "Civitas Aurelia Aquensis." Subsequently the castle formed the stronghold of the first twenty Margraves of Baden; but about the year 1500 these petty sovereigns, no longer engaged in petty wars with their neighbours, came down to the town and built a new castle, on the site of which the present ducal residence stands. The Alte Schloss was allowed to fall to ruins, and during the War of the Palatinate was still further devastated by the French. The view thence, though less comprehensive than that from Heidelberg Castle, is almost as picturesque, and extends as far as Strasburg on one side, while on the other the dark hills of the Black Forest stand out in striking contrast.

To come back to the town again, the chief feature of Baden-Baden, and that to which it originally owed its prosperity, is the abundance of its mineral springs, and their efficacy in certain complaints. These springs, which it is presumed all emanate from one source, are some thirteen in number, all bearing distinctive names and differing slightly in temperature. Early every morning, from six to seven, the Trink Halle, or Pump Room, is crowded with invalids—real and supposed—drinking the waters, and varying their aqueous draughts with glasses of fresh goats' milk, while the band outside discourses the German Morning Hymn. As may be seen, the Trink Halle is a handsome building, gorgeously decorated inside with fourteen modern frescoes of subjects of German history. A more important building, devoted to the mineral waters, is the Friedrichsbad, where every species of mineral bath, at all possible temperatures, may be had, and which is situated on classic ground—on the site of the old Roman thermal establishment. Indeed, over the source of the chief spring, the Ursprung, a model of a Roman temple has been erected in memory of its first discoverers. The great social resort of the day, when the matutinal draughts have been duly swallowed and all ablutions performed, is the Conversations Haus,—the old gambling saloons now turned into reading and concert-rooms, and on the terrace of which the band is constantly playing. Of this, however, we shall shortly publish an illustration and will accordingly reserve our description.

Baden-Baden has long been a favourite spot with the Queen, who possesses a charming little villa there, the Villa Hohenlohe, where Her Majesty is now staying for a few weeks. "This villa," writes a correspondent, "is delightfully situated at the foot of the Friesenberg, near to the gilt-domed little Greek chapel (shown in our illustration), built by Prince Stourdzia in memory of his son. The views on all sides are extensive and picturesque. Opposite rises the old Castle, with its background of bold rocks, and the wide expanse of plain stretching to the Rhine. On the right is the Conversations Haus, the gardens, and the town of Baden; then the Avenue of Lichtenthal, with its noble line of trees, its villas, gardens, and meadows, which, by the way, are being sadly encroached on by masons and bricklayers. The Cecilia Berg and its brother mountains frame in the picture. The Merkur Berg is the highest summit visible. Near the town, in its immediate skirts, is the little English church, consecrated in 1867, and dedicated to All the Saints."

"Bishop Piers Claughton has taken advantage of Her Majesty's presence to hold a confirmation there on Thursday last. The German Empress, whose Anglican tendencies are said to give some offence to her orthodox co-religionists, was at the last confirmation celebrated there, and as the young girls passed before her after the laying on of hands she graciously kissed each brow. The Queen's favourite drives are Eberstein, Schloss-Gernsbach, Forbach—this romantic, quaint village in the Murg Thal-Allerheiligen, with its stately ruin, reminding the English tourist of Rivault, and its glorious waterfall."—Our illustrations are from photographs by G. Stumpf, Baden-Baden.

PRESENTATION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS AT GIBRALTAR

DURING the defence of Rorke's Drift Private John Williams was posted with Private Joseph Williams and Private William Horriggan, 1st Battalion 24th Regiment, in a distant room of the hospital, which they held for more than an hour, as long as they had a round of ammunition left. As communication was for the time cut off, the Zulus were enabled to advance, and burst open the door. They dragged out Private Joseph Williams and two of the patients, and assailed them. While the Zulus were thus engaged, Private John Williams, who with two patients were the only men now left alive in this ward, succeeded in knocking a hole in the partition, and in taking the two patients into the next ward, where he found Private Hook. These two men together, one working while the other fought and held the enemy at bay with his bayonet, broke through

three more partitions, and were thus enabled to bring eight patients through a small window into the inner line of defence.

For this deed of gallantry Her Majesty was pleased to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross, and, as far as Private Williams was concerned, the presentation took place at Gibraltar on March 1st by Major-General Anderson, Acting Governor, and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar.

After reading the documents recounting why the decoration was bestowed His Excellency addressed Williams in a brief soldierlike speech, and then, having dismounted, himself affixed the decoration to Williams' tunic. After this the latter rejoined his battalion (2nd 24th) amid the cheers of numerous spectators who had assembled on the Alameda and about the Heathfield Monument to witness the ceremony.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mrs. A. E. Pearse, wife of Major Pearse, 76th Regiment, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, Gibraltar.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—SKETCHES AT LISSADELL

THERE is satisfaction in the thought that the sad distress existing in Ireland has given an opportunity to the landlords and others of the well-to-do classes to show their sympathy in a practical manner—an opportunity of which they have not been slow to avail themselves, as is proved by the cheerful way in which the Relief Committees devote themselves to the task of assisting the distressed. This is happily the case all over Ireland, and our sketches represent scenes which may be daily witnessed at hundreds of places in the country. Lissadell, the seat of Sir H. W. Gore-Booth, Bart., is a centre of distribution for the large district of Drumcliff. The Riding School, a large building attached to the stables, has been turned into a Corn Exchange, one corner being fitted up as a shop, with a counter, scales, weights, &c., complete; and here Sir Henry and Lady Gore-Booth, and the members of the Relief Committee, work *con amore*. Business is done on strict ready-money principles, meal, flour, sugar, tea, and other commodities, being sold at wholesale prices (the cost of carriage being defrayed by her ladyship), and every transaction is entered in a ponderous day-book, to the intense satisfaction of the customers. The clothing department, under the supervision of Mrs. Cosgreve, wife of the incumbent, is also a success, the materials being cut out and issued to competent persons to be made up, and the garments being afterwards sold at cost price. By these means the grants from the various Relief Funds are made the very most of, and indeed are practically supplemented to a valuable extent. The work thus cheerfully performed by the Relief Committees is of no light or trifling nature. First comes the issue of tickets to those who are found to be most in need, then the distribution of food and clothing in exchange for these documents, next the counting and sorting of the returned tickets, and the preparation of elaborate reports to be sent to the Central Committee. Lady Gore-Booth has also established a co-operative store for the benefit of the people in the immediate neighbourhood of Lissadell, including a very wretched district known as Maugherows, the population of which eke out an existence by combining fishing and agriculture.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Edward T. Hardman.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 373.

SKATING CARNIVAL AT HALIFAX, N.S.

THESE entertainments usually take place each winter in the principal cities throughout Canada, and are largely attended by all classes, including the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

Our engravings (which are from sketches by Frances W. Jones, of Halifax, N.S.) pretty well explain themselves. It is enough to observe here that to an inhabitant of these islands such entertainments possess the charm of entire novelty, because they presume a constancy and severity of frost such as is unknown here. In this country the difficulty is to keep water frozen for any reasonable length of time even out in the open air, and anything like the carnival here depicted would, owing to the caloric evolved by gaslights and human bodies, be a disastrously sloppy affair. But in Canada, Jack Frost laughs at such trifles, and, in fact, it is only possible to enjoy the effects of the cold comfortably when (as in the case of the lady's proverbial ice-cream) some of the "chill has been taken off" by lights and shelter. The sketch entitled "Aboriginal Costumes" would be more correctly and simply described as "A Snowshoer and a Trapper."

A NEW PLANETARIUM

THE old-fashioned orreries, which were constructed to show the arrangement of the solar system and the motions of the planets around the sun, were somewhat rude in their mechanism, and were apt to mislead from the conspicuousness of the rods and wires by which the astronomical movements were imitated.

Signor N. Perini, an Italian long domiciled in London, and whose name is well known as a successful teacher for the Civil Service and the Army, has invented a new planetarium which is free from most of the defects of its predecessors.

A high circular chamber or box, standing on twelve wooden pillars, is erected in the midst of an ordinary-sized room, with a ceiling higher than usual. On entering, underneath this chamber, and looking up, a dome is seen, deep blue, and sprinkled with stars. The chief northern constellations are in their proper places, and round the base of the dome are the names of the signs of the zodiac.

Suspended from the top of the dome by a narrow tube is an opal globe, lit inside with gas, and representing the sun. From wires almost-invisible the planets are suspended around the sun, of sizes and at distances approximately proportionate to the real sizes and distances, and each having the proper inclination to the plane of its orbit. The various moons are in their places, and Saturn has his rings.

Thus far, however, all these miniature celestial bodies have been in a state of quiescence. Presently Signor Perini, by simply turning a key, sets the solar system in motion, slowly or swiftly, as he pleases. The sun turns on his axis, and the planets revolve around the sun in proper elliptical orbits, which are traced around the inside of the dome, which is 14 feet in diameter at its base and 14 feet high. By an ingenious watchwork arrangement inside the earth, which is the size of a walnut, our world is made to revolve on its axis, which latter always points to the same quarter of the heavens. In like manner the moon goes round the earth.

The machinery is arranged in the chamber above the dome, clockwork being the motive power, the originality in the arrangement being the method by which the inventor effects the elliptical motion of the planets. Not a sound is heard, the machinery works, like its great prototype, in solemn silence.

Signor Perini, who has been prompted to this work solely from the enthusiasm of a mechanician, has devoted his nights and mornings to this structure for seven years, and has spent on it about 700*l*. The earth alone cost 40*l*. The planetarium can be made of any size, from the dome of St. Paul's to a little thing that might be used for school instruction. It is now standing at 77, Newman Street, Oxford Street.



THE VERDICT OF THE COUNTRY, so boldly challenged by Lord Beaconsfield, has now been declared, and that in such an unmistakable manner as to astonish not only the Ministerialists and their supporters, but the victors themselves. The Liberal successes at the polls have been repeated from day to day, even the counties following to a great extent the example set by the boroughs, and at the time of writing the Liberal minority had been turned into a magnificent majority of 83, counting 166 on a division. Scotland has behaved as it was expected she would do, the Liberals being triumphant all along the line; whilst in Ireland the Home Rulers have not had things quite so much their own way as was anticipated. The Conservatives, still unwilling to acknowledge that the opinion of the country was not on the side of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, are at their wits' end to assign a cause for their defeat. Some attribute it to the depression in trade, others to the natural fickleness of the constituencies, who, they say, do not disapprove of what they have done, but are merely tired of them because they have been in office so long. Perhaps the true explanation of the matter is to be found in the narrow majorities by which some of the seats have been won, for after all the members returned represent the opinions of little more than half of the voters. What would be the result of a general election upon Mr. Hare's system, even without an extension of the franchise, is, of course, quite another question.

THE NEW MINISTRY.—The excitement attending the electoral struggle is already on the wane, the result, unexpected as it was by all parties, being quietly accepted as a *fait accompli*; and the question now uppermost in the public mind is in what manner Lord Beaconsfield will drop the reins of power. There are two courses open to him, either of which would be in conformity with precedent: he may resign before Parliament meets, as he did in 1868, and as Mr. Gladstone did in 1874; or he may wait until a formal vote of want of confidence is passed by the new Parliament; but, should this latter course be adopted, there will be little or no time left in the approaching Session for the transaction of business, and it is thought, therefore, that the first alternative will be chosen. There is also much conjecture afloat regarding the constitution of the new Ministry, and who is most likely to be called on by Her Majesty to assume the Premiership. Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Gladstone are naturally looked upon as the most fitted for the task, but it is considered doubtful whether the ex-Premier will consent to resume the reins of office.

THE MIDLOTHIAN ELECTION.—Although the victory of the Liberals was already assured, and Mr. Gladstone's seat in the House of Commons had been made safe by his triumphant return for Leeds, the result of the polling in Midlothian was looked forward to with great anxiety, and great was the rejoicing in the Liberal camp when it became known that "the bold Buccleugh" had been defeated in his own stronghold. In Edinburgh especially the excitement was intense, crowds of enthusiastic and confident Liberals thronging the streets during the whole day. The counting began at six o'clock, and was completed in an hour and a half. The announcement of the numbers was received with deafening cheers and the wildest yells, and there was an immediate rush to Lord Rosebery's town residence in George Street, where, in response to loud calls, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery appeared on the balcony, and made short speeches, the new member declaring that what they had now to do was to turn the victory obtained there and elsewhere to good account for the common and universal benefit of the country; and the latter congratulating the county on having elected as its representative "the foremost man in Great Britain, the greatest champion of liberty in the world." These speeches evoked great cheering, and the crowd spent the rest of the evening perambulating the streets, cheering for the idol of the hour, and hooting and groaning for his defeated opponent, whose effigy they burnt, after bearing it about in the midst of a torchlight procession.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MANIFESTO.—Immediately after the declaration of the poll Mr. Gladstone issued an address, in which he says that the Midlothian electors, contending against many misguided influences and against the illegitimate influence of spurious votes, have by their spontaneous efforts more than fulfilled all their expectations, and achieved a victory which had not only told by anticipation, but which would further tell by direct example, upon the course of the elections. "The country has spoken, the fight is fought and won. The efforts of the party which now seems likely to attain the full measure of its predominance will, I trust, be steadily and temperately addressed towards establishing the external policy of this country upon the lines of peace, justice, equal right, and sympathy with freedom, and towards the direction of its internal government and legislation in the method and spirit which during the last half-century have done so much to relieve the people, to gain respect for the laws, to strengthen the foundation of the Throne, and to consolidate the structure of this great and noble Empire."

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUCCESS in Midlothian was telegraphed without loss of time to all the principal towns in the United Kingdom, and at many places was made the occasion of special rejoicing and demonstration by the Liberals, public meetings, illuminations, and enthusiastic congratulations being everywhere the order of the day, or rather night. At Liverpool the Reform Club was illuminated, and an immense crowd assembled in front of the building, the posting up of the polling numbers being received with excited cheering and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The London Liberals have appointed a committee to organise a monster demonstration in honour of the new member for Midlothian upon his return to the metropolis.

OUR DAILY CONTEMPORARIES have profited largely by the hunger for election news, many of them issuing extra special editions to meet the insatiable demand for information, and all of them increasing largely in circulation. That of the *Daily News*—the leading Liberal organ—has already increased by more than one-fourth. In this connection it is curious to note that *Judy*, the Conservative comic print, came out on Tuesday with a cartoon (evidently prepared beforehand) representing Messrs. Gladstone, Hartington, and other Liberal leaders weeping over the death of their hopes, symbolised by a small bird which is transfixed by an arrow, labelled "Conservative majority."

THE COUNCIL OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, DUBLIN, have sentenced Mr. Irwin (a medical student, and brother-in-law of O'Donovan Rossa) to twelve months' rustication for having got up an address to Mr. Parnell on his return from America. Several other students who signed the address have also been admonished.

THE TAY BRIDGE.—On Friday last part of No. 5 girder with four carriages enclosed was raised by pontoons, and successfully beached at Broughton Ferry, and on Tuesday the remaining portion, containing the engine and tender, was also raised.

THE NEW PEERESS.—Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the Dean of Lismore, and widow of the late Lord William Charles Augustus Cavendish-Bentinck, has been made a Peeress in her own right as Baroness Bolsover, of Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire.

ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.—The steamer *Rhinwinda* arrived at Cardiff on Monday from New York, her bows having been greatly damaged by collision with an iceberg which she met on the homeward voyage. No fewer than one hundred icebergs were seen during the passage. On the 26th ult. the steamer *Fernville*, of Sunderland, while on her way across the Atlantic, struck an iceberg, and sank the following day. The crew were picked up by the French barque *Alliance*, and landed at St. Pierre.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrived last week in Galway from Cork, in Her Majesty's ship *Lively*, and with the representatives of the Mansion House Committee and the Duchess of Marlborough's Committee has since been engaged in relieving the islands on the coast of Cork and Kerry. The steamship *Valorous*, in charge of Captain Morant, is expected in Kilkerrin Bay, with 200 tons of seed potatoes for the Western Islands, from the Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough.



THE TURF.—We have now got some little way into the flat-racing season, and, judging from outward appearances, the Turf seems in a highly prosperous condition, and probably this year the "added money" will far exceed that of all previous years. Indeed, for more than one big handicap there would almost seem to be hardly any limit the bonus may eventually reach; that, for instance, attached to the Manchester Cup, to be run for in Whitsun-week, having been raised from 1,000l. to 2,000l. As to the popularity of the sport, the racing of the present season seems to have attracted greater numbers of persons, gentle and simple alike, to the various trysts; and though electioneering matters might have been supposed to have been all absorbing during the last ten days or so, yet the crowds on the different courses have been larger than ever.—Of the many meetings held during the present week, that of Northampton must be admitted to have been the most important. It is what is called an old-fashioned gathering, and once was held to open the true Turf season, the "Stakes" being one of the oldest of the recognised Spring Handicaps. The recent anniversary was a most successful one, many of the races being of a very interesting character, and many first-class animals taking part in them. It was alone worth a journey to the shoemaking borough, which has recently honoured itself by electing Messrs. Labouchere and Bradlaugh as its representatives in Parliament, to see Peter and Placida antagonise for the Cup over a mile course, the horse giving two years to the mare, and carrying only 2 lbs. less. Placida, on her recent running into the second place for the Lincoln Handicap, was necessarily made favourite, but Peter's easy victory pretty plainly shows that Mr. Best might have secured the Carlholme race had he started Peter for it, and the folly of scratching a good horse, when fairly handicapped, for considerations other than those which should influence a genuine sportsman. The Buccleugh Cup was a genuine turn up of luck for the followers of F. Archer, as his mount, Lord Ellesmere's Alpha, started at the healthy odds of from 8 or 10 to 1 in a field of eleven, and won easily enough. The Althorpe Park Stakes, which has so often introduced us to a first-class youngster—The Rake, to wit, some few years ago—hardly sustained its character; but the winner, Althotas, who ran second in the Brocklesby at Lincoln, is far from a bad animal, and no one will grudge Sir G. Chetwynd his victory, as Dame Fortune has been very chary of her favours to him on the Turf for many seasons. The favourite, Scobell, who came with a great reputation from Newmarket, ran a good second, and will win a race or two before long; as also will Flodden, who ran third. Another very interesting race was that for the Queen's Guineas, the first Royal plate of the season, in which the five-year-old Thurio beat Rochampton the "aged," both carrying 9st. 6lb. For the popular five-furlong scurry, which starts out of a hollow called by some "The Punch Bowl," the Earl Spencer's Plate, a kind of miniature Hunt Cup, fourteen competitors tried conclusions, of whom Roscius, on the strength of his Lincoln performance, was made favourite; but Frivola, the third in market demand at the post, though more fancied than any other according to some returns a day or two previous, managed to get home first. Another bit of good luck fell to F. Archer's admirers in the St. Liz Welter, Lord Ellesmere's Plaisante with the popular jockey in the saddle starting at 5 to 1, and beating a field of eleven. The Northamptonshire Stakes only produced a complement of nine runners, and backers were not far out in making Dresden China, Mar, and Abbaye the favourites, as the first and last named ran first and second, Lord Hartington's Quicksilver being third.—Next week the Newmarket Craven Meeting will come off, and still more animation will be shown in Turf matters, particularly in reference to future events. At the present moment Mask for the Two Thousand and Bend Or for the Derby have upward tendencies, 5 to 2 and 7 to 2 being the prices taken against each respectively, and if they keep well to the day of trial both will probably see much shorter odds.—Westbourne rules the roost for the City and Suburban, but Master Kildare, Parole, and Rosy Cross are well supported.—The death of Lord Rivers deprives the Turf of a staunch adherent, and "the Claimant," it may be added, of a firm friend and believer. In his earlier days, as the Hon. Horace Pitt, he belonged to a bold school of Turf speculators, but as an owner of racehorses he never met with much success. He was intimately associated, however, with the colt Sir Tatton Sykes, who won the Two Thousand and St. Leger 1846.—Punchestown Races in Ireland flourish, despite famines and Home Rulers in the Sister Isle, and as usual large fields of good horses have been on the famous track during the last week. Those who wish to see real genuine "cross-country" work ought at least for once in their lives to visit the Hibernian gathering.

COURSING.—The Avebury Meeting was fairly up to the mark. Mr. Bell Irving's Iron Cable and Mr. Walker's Wild Scott divided the East Kennett St. Leger, and Mr. Leader's Lyonese and Mr. Clift's Clyto the Avebury Stakes.—With much regret to coursing men the death of Mr. T. H. Clifton has been announced, at the early age of thirty-five. He had a powerful kennel of greyhounds, and his Coquette made a very fair show in the last Waterloo Cup.

AQUATICS.—There seems now little doubt but that Trickett will come from Sydney to this country with a view of a match with Hlanan of Canada on English waters. Courtney, the American, still talks big about being able to beat any man in the world.—The Royal Thames Yacht Club has secured the Prince of Wales as Commodore for another year.

FOOTBALL.—The final game for the Association Challenge Cup will be played on Saturday afternoon next, at Kennington Oval, between Oxford University and the Clapham Rovers.—A strong eleven of the last-mentioned played a drawn game with Upton Park under Association rules.—The Birmingham Association Challenge Cup has fallen to Aston Villa, which beat Saltley College in the final match.

BICYCLING.—The Newcastle folk have been treated to some good riding by professionals in a six days' contest, in which the hours of riding were limited to fourteen hours each day. The first prize was won by Cann, of Sheffield, with 1,001 miles; Ilgham, of Nottingham, taking the second with 952 miles.

RACQUETS.—Even more interesting than the racquet contest between Oxford and Cambridge was that which followed between the Public Schools, which followed and was concluded on Saturday last. Seven schools had entered, and after the defeat of Winchester by Harrow and Rugby by Eton, it remained for the conquerors to play the final match for the possession of the Challenge Cup. A grand match it was, the play on both sides being quite out of the way for such comparative youngsters as Mr. C. Kemp and E. M. Hadow, who represented Harrow, and P. St. L. Grenfell and J. C. B. Eastwood, who represented Eton. The hard-fought battle was eventually decided by the Harrow champions winning four games out of six, and scoring 87 to 55 aces. Mr. C. Kemp, who comes from a "rackety" family, in the fourth game made a magnificent sequence of fifteen aces, and altogether showed himself one of the most accomplished of modern players, his nerve and coolness being on a par with his skill and activity. It was the opinion of many who witnessed the play of the young Harrovians that the victorious Cambridge men in the recent inter-University contest could not have held their own with them if pitted together.

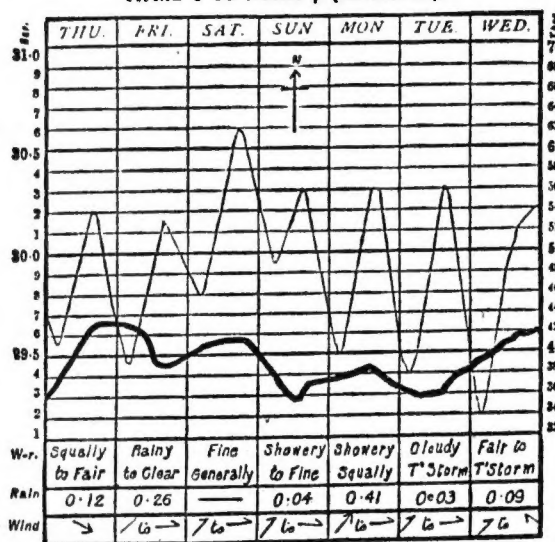


The management of the Gaiety Theatre are about to gratify the admirers of what are known as the "palmy days" of the drama by reviving a number of forgotten pieces produced in bygone times at the great "patent" and other privileged theatres with remarkable success. No play, it is said, will be selected which has not enjoyed in the past a reputation of more or less duration as indicated by frequent revivals, and by contemporary dramatic criticism. The pieces are to be given on consecutive Wednesday afternoons, beginning on the 14th inst. The list from which selection will be made is understood to include Matthew Lewis's *Castle Spectre* and *Wood Demon*, Sothorne's *Oroonoko*, Colman's *Mountaineers*, Murphy's *Upholsterer* and *Grecian Daughter*, Lillo's *London Merchant*, better known as *George Barnwell*, Rowe's *Jane Shore*, Hughes's *Siege of Damascus*, Pocock's *Miller and His Men*, Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's *Pizarro*, and many others. In all these pieces the most distinguished actors have won renown; though there is reason to doubt whether they will be found much to the taste of the present generation. We are assured that every effort will be made to represent them efficiently; but the project seems nevertheless to be conceived in a satirical spirit. Probably Mr. Hollingshead's hope is to silence the praises of past times; and, if so, the experiment is not unlikely to succeed. The truth is, that of all the plays produced from the beginning of the last century down to the commencement of the present reign, there are hardly half-a-dozen which really hold the stage—though among these are such masterpieces as the *School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

The new comedy, called *Cobwebs*, at the VAUDEVILLE, has enjoyed but a brief existence. Its place will be occupied this evening and henceforth, till further notice, by a revival of Mr. Buckstone's amusing comedy, *Married Life*, originally brought out at the Haymarket in 1834.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

APRIL 1 TO APRIL 7 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been more cloudy and unsettled than for a long time past, and rain has fallen almost every day. The only really fine day was Saturday (3rd inst.), when the weather was dry and tolerably bright; on other occasions showers have fallen, those of Monday (5th inst.) being very frequent and heavy. On Tuesday (6th inst.), at about 6 P.M., a smart thunderstorm passed over, and on Wednesday (7th inst.) thunder was again heard, accompanied by showers of hail. Owing to the amount of cloud which has usually prevailed, temperature has been rather low, but on Saturday (3rd inst.), when the weather was finer, the maximum was as high as 62°. The winds have been south-westerly to westerly all the week, and generally light or moderate in force. The barometer has been very low—much below the average—and its changes have been very frequent, and somewhat sudden. The barometer was highest (29.68 inches) on Thursday (1st inst.); lowest (29.29 inches) on Sunday (4th inst.); range, 0.39 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (62°) on Saturday (3rd inst.); lowest (34°) on Wednesday (7th inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.95 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.41 inches, on Monday (5th inst.).

MR. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., has been elected an honorary member of the Society of British Artists.

THE INTERNATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—We have hitherto omitted to notice the doings of this body, which, we believe, owes its inception to the energy of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who is Chairman of the English Executive Committee. The fact is that their meetings take place on Monday afternoons, rather an awkward hour for busy professional people. We understand, however, that the entertainments hitherto given in Steinway Hall—namely, the Readings by Messrs. Edward Jenkins and Justin McCarthy, and the Story Telling by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, have been highly appreciated, while we can vouch, from personal testimony, for the attractiveness of Sir Julius Benedict's Lecture on Weber. The interest was much enhanced by his own personal reminiscences of the composer, whose pupil he had been; while the musical illustrations with which the discourse was enlivened, from *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and other of Weber's works, were admirably rendered by Miss Bessie Richards, Miss Helen Meason, Mlle. Avigliana, Miss Beata Francis, and Mr. Charles Bonney.



AN ENERGETIC ENGLISH BICYCLIST has made the tour of the Lake of Geneva in thirteen hours, the distance being some 100 miles.

A HISTORY OF AFGHANISTAN down to the present date is being written by our prisoner, the Afghan General, Daoud Shah, so says the *Times of India*.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has turned architect, and has designed a theatre, which is now being constructed for a private gentleman in the Avenue Wagram.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has at last finished his excavations at Troy, and reports that remnants of several cities are clearly discernible beneath the remains of the Troy immortalised in the "Iliad."

IMITATION SEALSKINS are made most successfully in Belgium out of rabbit skins by a peculiar process of preparation, the *Live Stock Journal* tells us. Recently 10,000 rabbits were killed on a farm in Essex and the skins sent to Belgium.

A "CHURCH WITHOUT SERMONS" has been established in New York for the benefit of those who desire to join in the services of the Episcopal Church without being obliged to listen to a lengthy discourse from a too often uninteresting preacher.

"KITCHEN GARDENS" have been introduced in New York and Boston—cooking schools where children are taught domestic duties, such housework as washing up dishes and making beds being carried on to the accompaniment of lively ditties sung by the little workers.

AT THE SURRENDER OF PLEVNA the Russians were cheated out of a considerable share of war material. The lines of the famous fortress have lately been levelled, and during the excavations the workers have unearthed sixteen cannon and 10,000 muskets, which Osman Pasha had buried before capitulating.

THE ENTIRE SERIES OF LARGE PAINTINGS BY HANS MAKART, designed for the Emperor of Austria's silver wedding procession, have been secured by Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre, and together with some of his other works, including the large "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," will shortly be opened to public view at the newly erected Hanover Gallery in New Bond Street.

THE MIDSHIPMATE IN THE "CHILDREN'S PINAFORE."—Benedict Tacagni, aged six years and seven months, died on March 26 of acute rheumatism. He was taken ill on Saturday, March 20, the last day of the season, and was given up by his physician on the Monday night. During the delirium consequent on his illness he continually sang snatches of *The Pinafore* music, the last audible sounds he uttered being his childish version of "For he is an Englishman." He has been buried at Kensal Green.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD, issued since their first introduction, are estimated at some 6,000. The different kinds bear the heads of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke, six Princes, one Princess, and a number of presidents, while some bear coats of arms and other emblems, such as the papal keys, &c. There is an admirable collection of stamps in the Berlin Post Office Museum, which last July contained 4,498 specimens—2,462 belonging to Europe, 441 to Asia, 251 to Africa, 201 to Australia, and 1,143 to America.

A SERIES OF "SUNDAY AFTERNOON RECREATIONS" was commenced at the Neumeyer Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, on Sunday last, by Messrs. Marland Clarke and Watts Boothroyd, who gave several readings and recitals, varied by a classical selection of vocal and instrumental music. The experiment evidently met with considerable favour, as many people had to be sent away from the doors, the hall being filled to overflowing. Admission is free, but seats may be reserved by previous application; and the series will be continued every Sunday at three o'clock.

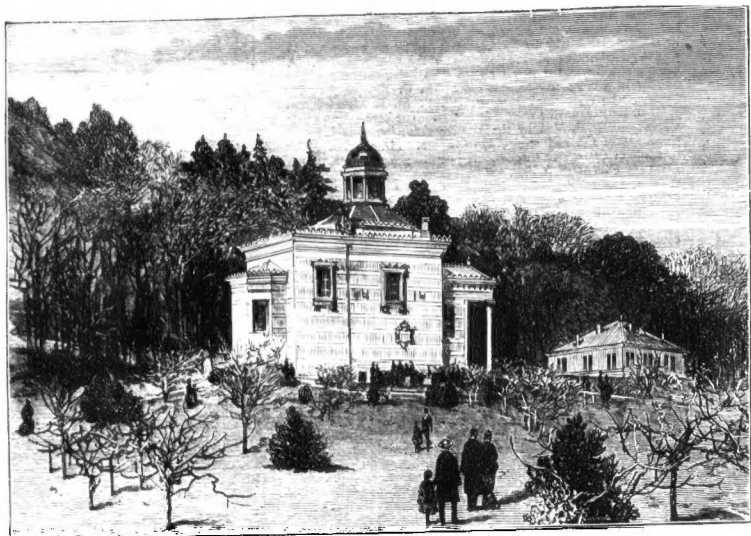
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,732 deaths were registered, being 108 below the average, and at the rate of 24.7 per 1,000, against 21.4 per 1,000 during the previous week. There were 9 deaths from small-pox, 24 from measles, 59 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 142 from whooping-cough, 10 from different forms of fever, and 11 from diarrhoea. There were 2,492 births, exceeding the average by 57. The mean temperature was 44.9 deg., and 0.1 deg. above the average. The duration of bright sunshine was 23.1 hours, the sun being 89.8 hours above the horizon.

THE DEARTH OF NEWS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS was ingeniously evaded by the occupants of the *Vega* in her recent voyage. Files of several papers for the years 1876-7-8 were taken on board, and every day a newspaper was brought out giving the news of two years ago, while the crew at last grew so interested in the somewhat stale intelligence, that they seized as eagerly on each journal as if it had been fresh from the press. Professor Norden-skiöld's narrative of the *Vega's* journey, will appear simultaneously in English, Swedish, French, German and Italian, and will be published immediately on his return to Sweden.

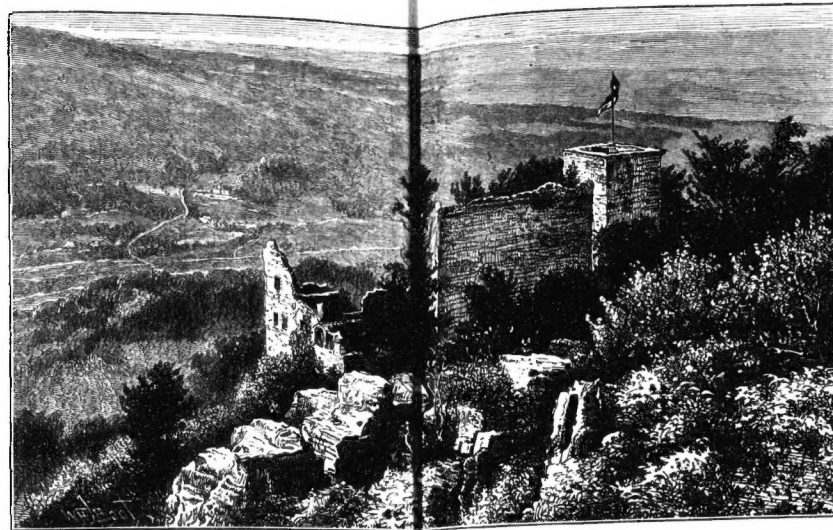
A CURIOUS DISCOVERY was recently made by some Styrian wood-cutters who were felling an ancient decayed oak in the forest of Drömming. The tree was hollow, and as it fell it disclosed the skeleton of a man in excellent preservation, having by his side a powder-horn, porcelain pipe-bowl, and silver watch, bearing the name H. von Krackowitz, 1812. The skeleton appeared to be that of a man between thirty and forty, while his teeth were perfect, and his high hunting-boots intact. It is supposed that the unfortunate man had climbed the tree, slipped into the hollow, and being unable to extricate himself, had died of starvation.

A NEW FLYING-MACHINE has been tried at Leipsic with scant success. It is the invention of a German aeronaut, and consists of a balloon from which are suspended three cars, each of these having 10 or 12 wings which are set in motion by a crank. On the first trial the inventor occupied the central car, and his assistants the others, and on the rope being cut the balloon ascended very slowly, then grazed the roofs of the houses and began to sway so violently that the assistants jumped out in terror. The machine at once shot up with great velocity, and on reaching an altitude of 4,000 feet burst and fell to the ground. Nevertheless Herr Baumgarten asserts that he was not much hurt, and intends to repeat his experiment outside the town, believing that the contact of the housetops spoils his scheme by injuring the balloon.

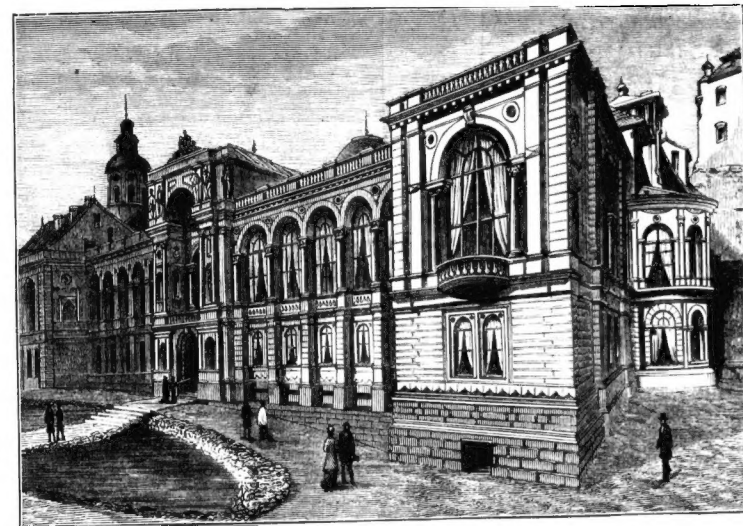
THE SOCIETY OF FREE-THINKERS IN PARIS is a large association numbering over 15,000 members, and keeps one of its chief fêtes on Good Friday, when it obliges its members to feast in contradistinction to the fast of the Christians. Professedly formed with a view to the "propagation and defence of free thought, its members recognising no dogma and no religion," the Society, under the pretext of abolishing all forms of worship, is simply establishing a new religion with a ritual and ceremonies. Thus we learn from the *Parisian* that the Society is engaged in fixing the ceremonies which are to enhance the dignity of the three great acts of civil life—birth, marriage, and death. Private meetings take place once a week, and general assemblies every three months, when freethought furnishes as fertile a theme for pulpit oratory as religious subjects. Members pay a monthly subscription, and one is composing a "Freethinker's Christmas Carol." Finally the Principal of the Society is called "His Holiness," and he in turn speaks of the weekly meetings as "lay vespers," while the conviction that ought to animate Free-thinkers has received the name of "civil faith."



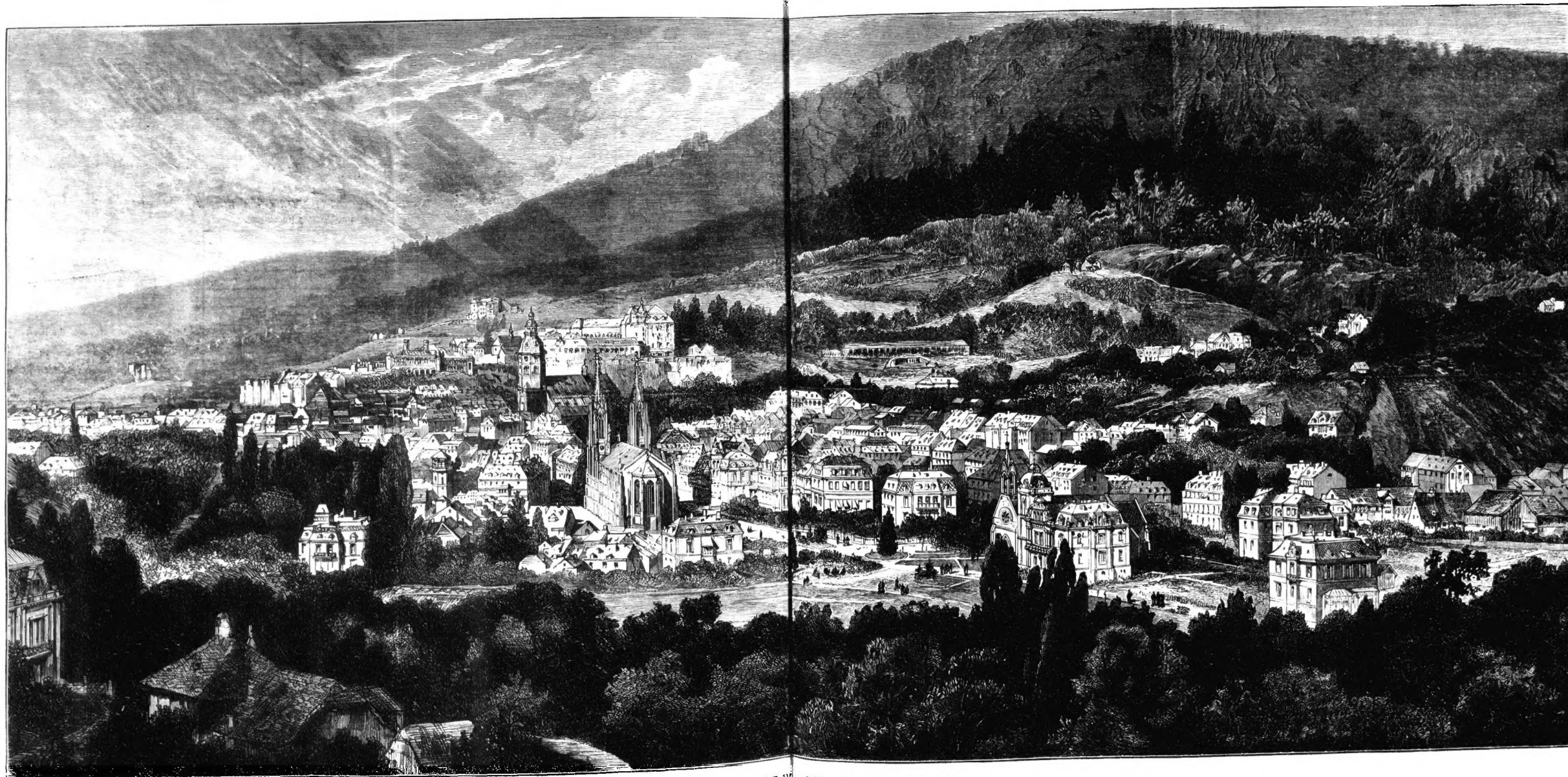
THE GREEK CHAPEL



THE ALTE SCHLOSS



THE FRIEDRICHSBAD



GENERAL VIEW OF BADEN-BADEN
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BADEN-BADEN



FOREIGN OPINION ON THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—The success of the English Liberals has created universal surprise, and has been the great topic of the day throughout Europe. In GERMANY the official and semi-official organs are comparatively silent, though the *North German Gazette* stating that the most sanguine Liberals cannot imagine that all difficulties will now be at an end, anticipates that "with the accession of a Whig Ministry difficulties will only begin;" while the other journals for the most part do not hail the advent of a Liberal Ministry with any greater degree of satisfaction, the *Berlin Post* declaring that the result of the elections has proved that English home politics are at the best "humbly," arriving at this conclusion in consequence "of eighty years' fruitless endeavours on the Continent to understand the first word of political existence in England. . . . The whole criticism of the present Government, like all the promises to adopt a new policy, are nothing but humbug, and an hour after the elections no one thinks of keeping them." In AUSTRIA the news of the Conservative defeat brought forth lively expressions of regret and sympathy, the harmony with which England and Austria have worked in the Eastern Question during the past three years having rendered Lord Beaconsfield's administration exceedingly popular, while Mr. Gladstone's strictures on Austrian policy had excited the deepest indignation. This feeling, however, has been somewhat soothed by the declarations of Lord Hartington and other Liberal leaders repudiating the idea that they intended to upset what had already been done, and stating that they were prepared to resist the encroachments of Russia; and the Austrians, who have always—until recently—sympathised with the Liberal party, are now taking a less impassioned and more impartial view of the situation. In FRANCE the most animated discussions have ensued upon the Liberal victory. The *Débats* describes England as successively condemning two extremes—inaction pushed to cowardice and activity pushed to disquietude and unsettlement—and asks whether the new Government will discover and adhere to the mean between the two. The Conservative Republican, and especially the Bonapartist organs regret the Conservative downfall, the *Liberté* fearing that England will revert to the "selfish indifference which was the main cause of the overturn of the European equilibrium;" the *Orléaniste Français* asking whether England in her turn is to suffer from "demagogic Radicalism;" and the Bonapartist *Pays* inquiring whether the new Premier will agree to be "the Telemachus of the Mentor Gladstone." The Radicals, on the other hand, express their gratification, and the *France* is especially pleased at the return of Mr. Bradlaugh, "who, being a great orator, will certainly play a very important part in the new Parliament." The general opinion, however, both here and in the two first-named countries is that the Liberals will be compelled in a certain degree to continue the "active" policy of their predecessors, and that for some time at least Europe will not perceive any noteworthy difference. Quite another opinion prevails in RUSSIA, however, where unequivocal delight is expressed at Lord Beaconsfield's discomfiture, and the Panslavists are congratulating themselves at the disarming of one of their most powerful opponents. Moreover, a *rapprochement* between England and Russia is prognosticated in the words of the *Novoye Vremya*, which announces that the state of affairs in Europe and Asia is such that "a good understanding between Russia and England can alone maintain peace on both Continents." ITALY also is pleased at the Liberal success, and the Ministerial *Diritto* declares that the "victory of the English Liberals may be regarded as the victory of the Liberal principles of the whole of Europe." So far as Italy herself is concerned, her foreign policy will not be changed, and far from becoming "one of aggression, as some believe who misrepresent her views and her necessities, will rather assume a more peaceful character."

FRANCE.—Prince Napoleon has at last broken silence, though in a somewhat unexpected manner. By means of a letter addressed to a friend, and which was intended for publication, he speaks his mind respecting the anti-Jesuitical decrees. The Prince has always been known as an ultra-democratic Bonapartist, with a strong hatred of Clericalism; and although it has been declared of late that he, as the head of the Bonapartist party, has shown signs of reconciliation with the Church, he has now given his full support to M. de Freycinet's decrees, while at the same time declaring his determination to oppose any attempt to abolish the State religion. Taking his stand on the Concordat as established by Napoleon I., by which "religious peace" was secured to society and "liberty of conscience to the citizen," he declares that "two kinds of assailants menace this charter of pacification—the sectaries of Theocracy, who dream of a return to an oppressive and intolerant State religion; and the sectaries of disorder, who aim at organising a society without a God and without a moral law. I have ever been, and ever shall be, the adversary of both these two extreme pretensions. . . . The recent decrees are not persecution; they are only a return to an indisputable law. The principle which subjects the existence of a religious order to the authorisation and supervision of the political party is discovered in all societies. The Bourbons themselves acknowledged it. To abandon it would be to destroy the State, and place it at the feet of Theocracy." This clear and succinct declaration will put an end to the idea of obtaining a vote of censure on the Cabinet in the Senate, for such a vote could not be obtained without the support of the Bonapartists, who of course are bound to follow the lead of their chief. Nevertheless the letter has caused a split in the party, as the Clerical faction, headed by the irrepressible M. de Cassagnac, reject the principles enunciated in the letter, though such a division is probably only temporary, as the Prince, now that he has actually made a first step towards a policy of action since the death of the Prince Imperial, will speedily rally round him all the active spirits of Bonapartism. All alliance with the Royalists is, of course, broken off by his declaration, as they are deeply offended; while his condemnation of the "sectaries of disorder" has no less excited the ire of the Radicals; so that his appeal is manifestly a bid for the favour of the great Moderate party, who at present are equally afraid of the tyranny of the Conservative-Clerical party and the intolerance of the Radicals. For this object it is doubtless well conceived, though whether it will have any potent effect remains to be seen. The general opinion is that France has already had enough of Napoleonic tutelage, beneath which lies the inevitable "Empire," however gilded the pill may be, and that the policy of "demagogic Cæsarism" is thoroughly "played out." One of the most surprising results of the letter is a hint from the *République Française* (M. Gambetta's organ) that, "should the Pretender become troublesome, a visit from a police officer will prevent him from being so." This is incautious, M. Gambetta. To expel the Prince is the surest possible way of making him popular.

There is little social news, the chief topic being M. Lepinay's report on the proposed canal connecting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean. This would start from Bordeaux, and emerge at Narbonne, a distance of 303 miles. By means of this canal the journey might be made in forty-eight hours, and thus a gain ranging from four days to thirty hours, according to the speed of the steamer, would be secured. The estimated cost is 22,000,000*l.* There would be sixty-two locks, and the average depth would be about

twenty-seven feet, and the width a hundred and eighty feet. In Paris there have been various banquets given to Professor Nordenskjöld, who has been lionised in the most enthusiastic manner. The Crown Prince of Sweden presided at one at the Continental Hotel, at which the Professor himself proposed a toast to England, and spoke warmly of the reception accorded to him there, and of the exploits of British navigators. There has been only one first representation, a four-act vaudeville at the Palais Royal, *Le Siège de Grenade*, by MM. Chivot and Duru, which is pronounced somewhat dull and prosy. The *gros* lot of the lottery in aid of the distressed Spaniards, amounting to 6,000*l.*, has been gained by a Belgian collier named Lambert Voituren, who, it is said, has announced his intention of retiring on his winnings.

The cold and darkness of the past winter have affected Parisian artists almost as much as their London brethren, and the Salon will suffer in consequence, nearly 2,000 fewer paintings than usual having been sent in. The juries have now almost completed their work of selection, and are deciding the hanging of the pictures, being obliged to follow out—much against their inclination—M. Turquet's new plan of classification. We have already mentioned the chief contributions of leading painters, but we may add to the list M. Cabanel's "Phædra," the painter having chosen the moment at the opening of Euripides' tragedy; "a Group of Cattle in the Early Morning," by M. Van Marcke; M. Bouguereau's "Flagellation of Christ," and M. J. P. Laurens' "Honorius," showing the child-Emperor on his throne.

It is stated that M. Léon Say will, in all probability, replace Admiral Pothuan as Ambassador to Great Britain, in order to conduct the negotiations respecting the Commercial Treaty.

GERMANY.—Considerable excitement has been caused by a statement that Prince Bismarck has once more tendered his resignation to the Emperor. The alleged reason is a disagreement with the Federal Council regarding the form of an Imperial Bill for imposing certain stamp duties and taxing Post Office Orders. Although Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, representing a population of 33,000,000, favoured the measure, they could only reckon twenty-eight votes among them, while the other States, though only representing a population of 7,500,000, counted thirty votes, a curious anomaly in the constitution of the Federal Council which it is generally thought that the Chancellor's threatened resignation will tend to abolish, as he has long been vexed by the present organisation of the Council. Prussia, which claims five-eighths of the population of the Empire, only possesses seventeen out of 58 votes, that is to say, a little less than a third of the legislative influence, and thus runs the chance of being outvoted in some all-important measure by the crowd of petty principalities and dukedoms who possess the majority of votes in the Council.

The Emperor has been suffering from a severe cold and sore throat, but is now better.

RUSSIA.—The negotiations with China, according to the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, are likely to be resumed, but if we believe the correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, they will be protracted until the Russians have collected a strong force on the Amoor, as in case of war hostilities will not be confined to Kuldja and Turkestan, but an army will attempt to penetrate to Tartary, and thence to Peking, after the fashion of the French and English troops in 1860.

There is little news, socially speaking, from St. Petersburg, save the usual arrests, and that an apartment is now being comfortably furnished in the fortress of Schlüsselburg, which is always reserved for prisoners of high rank. Dr. Weimar, who is accused of having procured for Solovieff the revolver which he fired at the Czar, and also the poison found in his possession, together with other acts of assisting the Nihilists, is shortly to be put on his trial. According to the *Correspondance Russe*, Count Walujeff, President of the Council of Ministers, has submitted to the Czar a project for a Russian Parliament.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The result of the English elections has entirely monopolised public attention, and all parties are speculating whether the advent of the Liberals to office will mean a serious modification or an absolute reversal of the recent Afghan and Central Asian policy. In many quarters there is a feeling of uneasiness, which has not been decreased by Lord Hartington's declaration that the Liberals will withdraw from Afghanistan as soon as possible. Still, it is little likely that in any case the troops will retire before some species of regular government has been established at Cabul.

The attainment of such a wished-for event also does not seem to be so far off as was thought, for the Mustafi is returning with the Ghazni chiefs, who have been told our general terms, *i.e.*, that Yakooob Khan will not be allowed to return, that Candahar, and possibly Herat, will be separated from the Cabul Government, and that the British army will retire when the Afghans can agree amongst themselves—subject to our approval—on a future ruler for Cabul. Candahar, indeed, has already been made independent, and the Viceroy has intimated to Sirdar Sher Ali that Her Majesty has conferred the sovereignty of the district upon him, with the title of Wali. There is little other news save that the whole of the Bengal division has set out for Ghazni under General Stewart, that the rising under Moghul Khan, has been put down, and the tribe fined 10,000 rupees, and that Mahomed Jan is reported to have been killed by the Hazaras. As for Abdurrahman, he is in Turkestan, but is reported to be friendly towards the English.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In BULGARIA Prince Alexander opened the Parliament on Sunday, and in his speech dwelt on the importance of providing Bulgaria with a regular internal organisation and a secure basis for the further development of her prosperity. Fifteen Bills for this purpose were introduced. The Bulgarian Militia having been duly organised are growing tired of the Russian officers, and are anxious for their dismissal. A new Ministry has been formed, with M. Zankhoff as Premier.—In CYPRUS there has been heavy rain and the harvest prospects are good.—In EGYPT the Khedive has issued a decree defining the functions of the International Committee of Liquidation, which, after examining the whole financial situation, is to draft a law of liquidation regulating the relations between Egypt and her creditors. Sir Rivers Wilson has been appointed President.—In ITALY Sunday was the fourteenth centenary of the birth of St. Benedict. High festival was kept at Monte Cassino and the Benedictine churches of Rome.—TURKEY and MONTE-NEGRO have agreed upon the Kucki-Krajina frontier, and there only remain a few minor matters to be settled before the Treaty is finally signed.—In CANADA a Government Bill has been introduced in the Dominion House of Commons, providing for the appointment of a resident representative agency in the United Kingdom.—The UNITED STATES fund for the relief of the distressed Irish now amounts to 216,100*l.*, of which the *New York Herald* has collected 64,635*l.*—In the opening of the first session of the new Legislative Council of the TRANSVAAL, the administrator, Colonel Lanyon, in his speech, said that although the Zulus and Secocoeni had been subdued, many troubles still gave cause for anxiety, foremost amongst which is the "attitude adopted by a portion of our community who are antagonistic to Her Majesty's rule over this territory. The question of Confederation must shortly be considered," he continued, "and it is not good that there should exist in a territory so great and uniform in many of its political features a number of States under different forms of Government, and it was to be hoped that the States of South Africa would shortly give this matter their earnest and unselfish consideration, so that ere long they may be welded into a harmonious union."



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice returned to Baden from Darmstadt at the end of last week, having during their stay with the Grand Duke of Hesse inspected the Alice Hospital founded by the late Grand Duchess, and received a deputation of English lady residents, who presented Her Majesty with a bouquet. Prince Hermann of Hohenlohe-Langenburg visited the Queen on Saturday at Baden-Baden, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice called on the Duchess of Hamilton. Next day the Queen and the Princess attended Divine Service at the English Church, and were subsequently visited by Count and Countess Trani, while in the afternoon they went out driving, but were obliged to return on account of the rain. On Monday morning Her Majesty and the Princess walked on the promenade, and afterwards drove to the Castle Favorite, while on Tuesday the Queen visited the Trink Halle, and drove to the Merkurburg. On Wednesday Her Majesty visited the old cemetery in the Lichtenthal, while Princess Beatrice, attended by Miss Bauer and General Sir H. Ponsonby, spent the day at Strassburg. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach arrived on Tuesday as Minister in attendance on Her Majesty. The Queen and Princess Beatrice will remain at Baden-Baden until the Thursday, and will then return to England *via* Flushing and Queenborough.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remained at Darmstadt until Monday, when the Prince left for Paris, arriving early on Tuesday morning. The Princess started the same day for Denmark to be present at the celebration of her father's 61st birthday. She reached Korsør on Tuesday evening, and was met by the King and Queen of Denmark, who escorted her to Copenhagen.—Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales were to leave Bermuda in the *Bacchante* last Saturday, and are shortly expected at Lisbon.

The Duke of Edinburgh continues to actively superintend the distribution of the relief on the Irish coast, making his headquarters on board the *Lively* at Galway.—The Princess Louise is expected to appear in public for the first time since her accident next Sunday, when she will attend Divine Service. The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne intend to open the Dominion Exhibition at Montreal on September 13th.—Wednesday was Prince Leopold's 27th birthday. Next week the Prince goes to Oxford to lay the foundation stone of the High School for boys.

The Crown Princess of Germany is now in Rome, where she has visited the King and Queen of Italy. She will subsequently spend three weeks in Naples, and then return to Germany to be present at the formal betrothal of her son, Prince William, with the Princess Victoria of Augustenburg, in May next. Prince Henry, second son of the Princess, when recently on a shooting excursion on the Japanese coast with the brother officers of his vessel, was mobbed by the natives, and obliged to turn back. The Japanese have a strong objection to these foreign shooting parties, declaring that the sportsmen invade their temples and kill the sacred birds.—There is a rumour of yet another royal betrothal, that of the Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and who was confirmed last week, to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden.—The marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria and Princess Stéphanie of Belgium, is fixed for February next, when the young couple will reside for some time in Prague. The Princess is now learning Hungarian at Prince Rudolph's request.—The Empress of Russia is officially stated to be in a hopeless condition, her illness having taken a serious turn on March 24, since when Her Majesty has had severe attacks of palpitation of the heart, and has frequently fallen into a state of lethargy.—Princess Frederica of Hanover has gone to Osborne. According to a French contemporary, the marriage of the Princess with Baron von Fawel-Rammingen will take place at Windsor on the 24th inst.



THE CHURCH OF IRELAND CONFERENCE is to be held on the 21st and 22nd inst., under the presidency of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The subject for discussion on the first day is "The Progress of Modern Science and Revealed Religion."

A NEW MISSIONARY BISHOP.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced his approval of the Rev. George Evans Moule, M.A., as Bishop-designate for the Missionary Bishopric in China, founded in 1872 by the Church Missionary Society, and now vacant by the death of Bishop Russell. Mr. Moule went out as a Church Missionary Society missionary to Ningpo in 1875. Dr. Russell was called Missionary Bishop of North China; but probably his successor will take the title of his see from the city of Ningpo, where its headquarters are, to distinguish it from the proposed new additional Bishopric of North China proper.

THE REV. T. P. DALE, Rector of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, last week attended the Easter Vestry of his parish, and declared that rather than submit to the Bishop he would sacrifice everything, including the benefice and his holy orders. What was called Ritualism was with him and others a matter of faith, and they were determined to maintain the grand old historic Church of England, which dated, not from the Reformation, but existed before Augustine came over to this country. He had already been involved in five different suits, but, at whatever further self-sacrifice on the part of himself and friends, the matter must be fought out to the bitter end, even if it led to a disruption of the Church. He was prepared to endure starvation, imprisonment, or death itself for conscience sake. A motion thanking the Church Association for its efforts in suppressing Ritualism was adopted, the Rector alone dissenting.

HIGH CHURCH TEACHINGS.—The Portsmouth Branch of the Church Association has adopted resolutions affirming that it is useless to continue the prosecution of clergymen for extreme offences in Ritualism while the more dangerous and subtle teaching of moderate High Churchmen is overlooked; that there is a large and growing body of High Churchmen who are not guilty of breaking the law as declared against vestments, incense, candles, and the like, but who teach unflinchingly the deadliest Romish errors; and that it is imperative that the Association should immediately seek to deal with this evil.

THE CLEWER CASE.—Mr. Carter has written to Canon Liddon a long letter explaining the circumstances which led him to resign. The Bishop of Oxford shielded him, partly out of personal kindness, and partly from his strong disapproval of these vexatious lawsuits; but from his own convictions and sense of duty, he could not but condemn him, and urge him to give way; and though Dr. Julius had no ground of complaint, being non-resident, and never frequenting his parish church, yet there were others who had a real ground to complain. His case is, he thinks, quite peculiar, and essentially different from that in which any who have taken a similar line to his own have been, or are now, or are ever likely to be placed. He felt that he was laying down no law nor setting any example, having

simply to consider what was fair and honourable; and being unable to accept protection from one hand and reject remonstrance from the other, or to be at once shielded by kindness and continue to act under disapproval. His case, moreover, is not at all like that of certain others who are contending against the Courts on the ground that they are not true Church Courts. He has had nothing to do with the Courts, his concern having been entirely with the Bishop, and with the Bishop acting of himself without the Courts, and indeed himself contending against the Courts, or at least refusing to go through them. Mr. Carter goes on to say that he has no other thought but to devote the rest of his days, and make the best use of the opportunities of usefulness that remain to him, within the bosom of the Church of England, to which he is unalterably attached by early impressions and numerous pledges, as well as by conviction growing with growing years." The churchwardens of the parish of Clewer have written to the Bishop of Oxford imploring him not to accept Mr. Carter's resignation; and some of the parishioners have held a meeting, at which sympathy with him and regret at his intention were strongly expressed.

THE CHANNING CENTENARY.—On Wednesday the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Ellery Channing, the American Unitarian minister and anti-slavery advocate, was celebrated at St. James's Hall. Dr. Martineau, President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, who occupied the chair, delivered an address eulogistic of the life and character of Channing; and several papers were read, one of which had been sent by the Dean of Westminster.

THE CHRISTENING AND BLESSING of the yacht *Livadia*, which Messrs. Elder and Co. of Glasgow have built for the Czar of Russia, took place in their yard at Fairfield on Tuesday, in the presence of Admiral Popoff, President of the Russian Council of Naval Construction, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Swinoff and assistants.

CARDINAL MANNING has issued a circular letter to the clergy of his diocese requesting the prayers of their congregations for an abundant blessing upon the harvests and industries of the United Kingdom.

THE LATE BISHOP ULLERTON.—A memorial brass, engraved with an appropriate inscription, has been inserted in the pavement of Ryde parish church to mark the spot where the late Bishop of Guildford died.



OPERA COMIQUE.—That the *Pirates of Penzance* would prove a brilliant success in London was to be expected after the unanimous verdict of approval delivered upon its immediate precursor, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Two authors like Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan (poet first in accordance with the Wagnerian dictum), exploring the same path which had already served them to such excellent purpose, could hardly fail, with additional experience, in obtaining at least equally happy results. They have, in fact, achieved another genuine triumph through legitimate means—a triumph all the more satisfactory if only, apart from the rare merits of their joint labour, on one special account. These clever gentlemen have shown that "opera bouffe" of the wildest possible kind, where license after license for the drollest improbabilities (as in the works of Offenbach, Lecocq, et hoc genus omne), are tacitly admitted, can be made diverting beyond measure with scrupulous regard to propriety, and without an incident of action, or a spoken sentence, that through any ingenious perversion will bear an equivocal meaning, suggest a doubtful *arrière pensée*, or be used as pretext for *double-entendre*. In achieving thus much, had they done nothing else, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan would deserve the consideration of all who look upon the theatre as a purifying, rather than as a corrupting, medium of public entertainment. Let us go to the Opéra Comique, and witness a performance of the *Pirates of Penzance*. We shall see before the lamps berries of beauty, costumed as becomes beauty when beauty is exhibited to the highest advantage—with modesty; for it is a truth incontrovertible that between Diana unattired and the decently clad maiden there are no lawfully distinguishable grades. The "classics" in sculpture and in painting are, of course, beside the question, having all a deliberate purpose in view, the plain illustration of which on the stage would be a manifest breach of etiquette. At the Opéra Comique we shall hear explosion after explosion of laughter, caused by the wit, the humour—the "fun," in short—of the dialogue, impotent to raise a blush on the cheek of boy or girl, yet not a bit less entertaining to the adult man or woman; the whole enhanced by music tuneful and fresh throughout, marked by the nicest appreciation of the situation and the text, gay, grave, or sentimental, as text or situation may demand, written for the voices and instrumented for the orchestra with discriminate and masterly skill, accompanying the libretto, as it were, hand in hand, as sister might go hand in hand with brother. "Opéra bouffe" (or whatever we may choose to style it in English), thus exemplified, should be everywhere acceptable; and we are pleased to learn that our American cousins have taken to it under such conditions—witness the extraordinary popularity of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and again, the four companies, organised by the enterprising and indefatigable Mr. D'Oyly Carte, now engaged upon its immediate successor in various sections of the "States." Our morning contemporaries have dwelt at such length, and with such accurate minuteness, on the story of the *Pirates of Penzance*, that we may reasonably suppose the majority of readers sufficiently well acquainted with it to exonerate us from the task and privilege appertaining to narrators. Enough that the piece is of its kind inimitable; and this, notwithstanding that one or two of the leading characters are clearly modelled after previous types of Mr. Gilbert's own creation—Major-General Stanley, for instance, being from a military point of view an unquestionable "double" of a certain never-to-be-forgotten Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., figuring conspicuously in *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with the opinion that the twenty-four daughters of the General are mere reflexes of the "sisters, cousins, and aunts" of Admiral Porter, that Ruth bears any particular resemblance to "Little Buttercup," that Frederic is a bit like Ralph Rackstraw, or that the adventurous Mabel is a fair synonyme for that gallant seaman's lady-love. The daughters of Major-General Stanley, more especially, are mainly important to the progress and denouement of the plot; while the "sisters, the cousins, and the aunts" of Sir Joseph Porter are nothing more than accessories, who might be omitted—by no means because they are unamusing, but because they have nothing essential to say or do that affects the march of events. The substratum of the *Pirates of Penzance*, moreover, is essentially new and original. The pirates themselves, and their mock-ferocious Captain, are a strange lot, such as could only have come to an imagination so peculiarly turned as that of Mr. Gilbert, who, if only by reason of the "Bab Ballads," would in the sphere of fantastic oddity reign supreme. The strong sense of "duty" entertained by these pirates, their tender sympathy for orphans, and "with all their faults," their loyal attachment to the Queen and reverence for "our House of Peers," are unique in the history of sea marauders. Nor could other incidents and characters in the plot have emanated from a brain less richly stored with such inexplicable conceits. Impossible as is the

story from beginning to end, it is worked out so consistently, and with gravity so well sustained, that it may be logically admitted as it stands. No point must be questioned, or the whole fabric crumbles away; accept it as it is, in its integrity, and we are the richer by a humorous tale of mystery. The space at disposal will only admit of a glance at the music which Mr. Arthur Sullivan has wedded to the piece thus cursorily described. As in previous instances, he has so completely caught the spirit of his text that the two, instead of distinct things, seem one and inseparable. *Tel poète, tel musicien*. That no composer can meet the requirements of Mr. Gilbert like Mr. Sullivan, and *vice versa*, is a fact universally admitted. One might fancy that verse and music were of simultaneous growth, so closely and firmly are they interwoven. Away from this consideration, the score of the *Pirates of Penzance* is one upon which Mr. Sullivan must have bestowed earnest consideration, for independently of its constant flow of melody, it is written throughout for voices and instruments with infinite care, and the issue is a cabinet miniature of exquisitely defined proportions. The materials afford opportunities alike for comic, melodramatic, and sentimental treatment, and our composer has made use of them with unvarying discrimination. That the *Pirates* is a clear advance upon its precursors, from *Trial by Jury* to *H.M.S. Pinafore*, cannot be denied; it contains more variety, marked character, careful workmanship, and is, in fact, a more finished artistic achievement. To enter into details is out of the question, and to specify certain points where all is equally balanced would answer no purpose. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are happy in their interpreters, and have to congratulate themselves upon the general getting up of their joint effort which, judging from the outcome, has been carefully prepared. As Major-General Stanley Mr. Grossmith shines to no less advantage than as Sir Joseph Porter, supplied too with a comico-satirical song, "I'm the very pattern of a model Major General," which he delivers in perfection. A better representative of the Pirate King than Mr. R. Temple, or a more efficient second, as Lieutenant Samuel, than Mr. G. Temple, could not be desired. Mr. Power, with his small but pleasing tenor voice, sings the music assigned to Frederic (apprenticed "by mistake" to a pirate, instead of to a pilot) with genuine taste, while Mr. Barrington, as Sergeant of Police, is hardly to be surpassed. The ladies are all good. If Miss Marian Hood be really a *débütante*, and this was her first appearance on the stage, good things to come may be expected from her, both as actress and singer. Her future progress will be watched with interest. Great credit is due to Miss Emily Cross, who, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Everard, undertook, at twenty-four hours' notice, the responsible part of Ruth, and in the circumstances acquitted herself wonderfully. Edith, Isabel, and Kate, three of General Stanley's daughters brought prominently forward, were well represented by Misses Gwynne, Bond and La Rue. Miss La Rue has a voice of charming quality, sings well, acts with grace and sprightliness, and looks provokingly pretty. These, with an orchestra efficient in every department, and a chorus of men's and women's voices equal to all demands (as Mr. Sullivan's music affords opportunities of testing), combined in producing an *ensemble*, which would have gone far to ensure success of a work of less merit than the *Pirates of Penzance*. Mr. Sullivan himself conducted the first performance, on Saturday. How he and Mr. Gilbert were received, and how the opera was applauded scene after scene, has been sufficiently made known.

WIENIAWSKI.—The death of Henri Wieniawski, at Moscow, on the 2nd inst., has deprived the musical art of one of its most distinguished representatives. Perhaps among all the violinists of our time Wieniawski stood nearest in general capability to Joseph Joachim. He was as well known in England as on the Continent, and many amateurs may remember that it was he who took the leading violin in Mendelssohn's B flat quartet, at the first of Mr. Chappell's now famous Popular Concerts—February 14, 1859.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye will begin his new season on Tuesday night, with M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*.

WAIFS.—Madame Clara Schumann is preparing a new and complete edition of the works of her deceased husband, as also a biography, enriched by the literary remains of that great composer in the shape of letters, criticisms, essays, &c., (hitherto not made known). Such a publication, coming from such a source, is sure of a hearty and unanimous welcome.—The 57th Festival of the Lower Rhine will this year be held in Whitsuntide at Cologne, under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, one of the worthiest existing champions of legitimate art.—The Beethoven Monument at Vienna is to be erected on the 1st of May.—The police interdict against further representations of Anton Rubinstein's national opera *Kalaschnikoff* at Moscow and St. Petersburg has been officially withdrawn; it holds good, however, to the prejudice of some other works by Russian composers.



ELECTION OFFENCES.—It was perhaps hardly to be expected that the great excitement into which the country has been thrown by the electoral contests would not in some instances degenerate into rioting and disorder. In several places there have been disturbances of so serious a character that military aid has been called for, and special constables have been sworn in, sticks and stones have been freely used, numbers of persons have been seriously hurt, and in one instance, at least, the fighting is suspected to have had fatal results. Among the less violent but not less reprehensible practices are the attempts at personation of voters which have been made in several places, and for which each offender will have to answer before a jury. Some electioneering oddities have cropped up at the Police Courts. At one place a gentleman is arrested because his foot "happened to slip through a large placard," of course the idea that he had wilfully kicked it was a mistake; at another a man persists in blocking up the entrance to a polling-booth, and "expressing himself in strange language about the Tories," until summarily removed by the police; at a third an over-excited gentleman eloquently harangues the bottles in a chemist's shop window, to the delight of the street boys and the annoyance of other wayfarers; and at a fourth a medical student turns newsboy, and alarms the town by shouting "Terrible suicide by Mr. Gladstone." And so on *ad infinitum*.

INTIMIDATING A VOTER.—Mr. Balfour, the Woolwich magistrate, has refused to allow the charge of intimidation, which we reported last week, to be withdrawn; and it is probable that the prosecution will be taken up by the Treasury.

A MARTYR TO ELECTORAL ENTHUSIASM.—At Ramsgate a poor dog has been poisoned through having licked off the paint with which his body had been daubed by an electoral enthusiast with the view of making him serve as a dumb canvassing agent. The man has been prosecuted for "cruelty," and sentenced to six weeks' hard labour; but he has given notice of appeal.

MR. EDWARD LEDGER, the proprietor of the *Era* newspaper, was on Wednesday presented with a service of plate worth 700*l.*, as a testimonial from the members of the dramatic profession of their appreciation of the great service he had rendered to them in connection with the recent libel action brought against him by a person named Hodson Stanley, for reporting on a so-called "dramatic

ball" given at the Cannon Street Hotel. The presentation was made by Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum Theatre, in the presence of a large gathering of actors and actresses.

POISONOUS "VIOLET POWDER."—On Tuesday an inquest was held in Southwark on the body of an infant whose death was alleged to have been caused by poisonous violet powder. The nurse said that after the application of the powder the skin of the child showed signs of irritation, and the whole of its body was blistered; whilst a doctor said the poisoning was due to a large percentage of sulphate of lime in the powder. The coroner said that in the face of the recent acquittal of a dealer charged with manslaughter in a similar case he could not direct the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter. The jury found that death was due to blood poisoning caused by the powder, and added that powder should not be sold without having been properly analysed, under proper supervision.

REMOVING HUMAN REMAINS.—An extraordinary charge has been brought against one Mr. Jacobson by the Inspector of Nuisances of St. Pancras. It seems that Mr. Jacobson, having bought some land adjoining the Congregational Chapel (formerly George Whitfield's Tabernacle) in the Tottenham Court Road, has commenced excavating for building operations, and it is alleged that he has thus disturbed and carried away large quantities of human bones, the place having been formerly used as a burying ground. The most positive statements with regard to the facts have been made on behalf of the prosecution; whilst they are as positively denied by the defendant, who contends that he is strictly within his rights, and that no human bones have been disturbed. The case stands adjourned, on the understanding that the works shall not be proceeded with until a decision has been given.

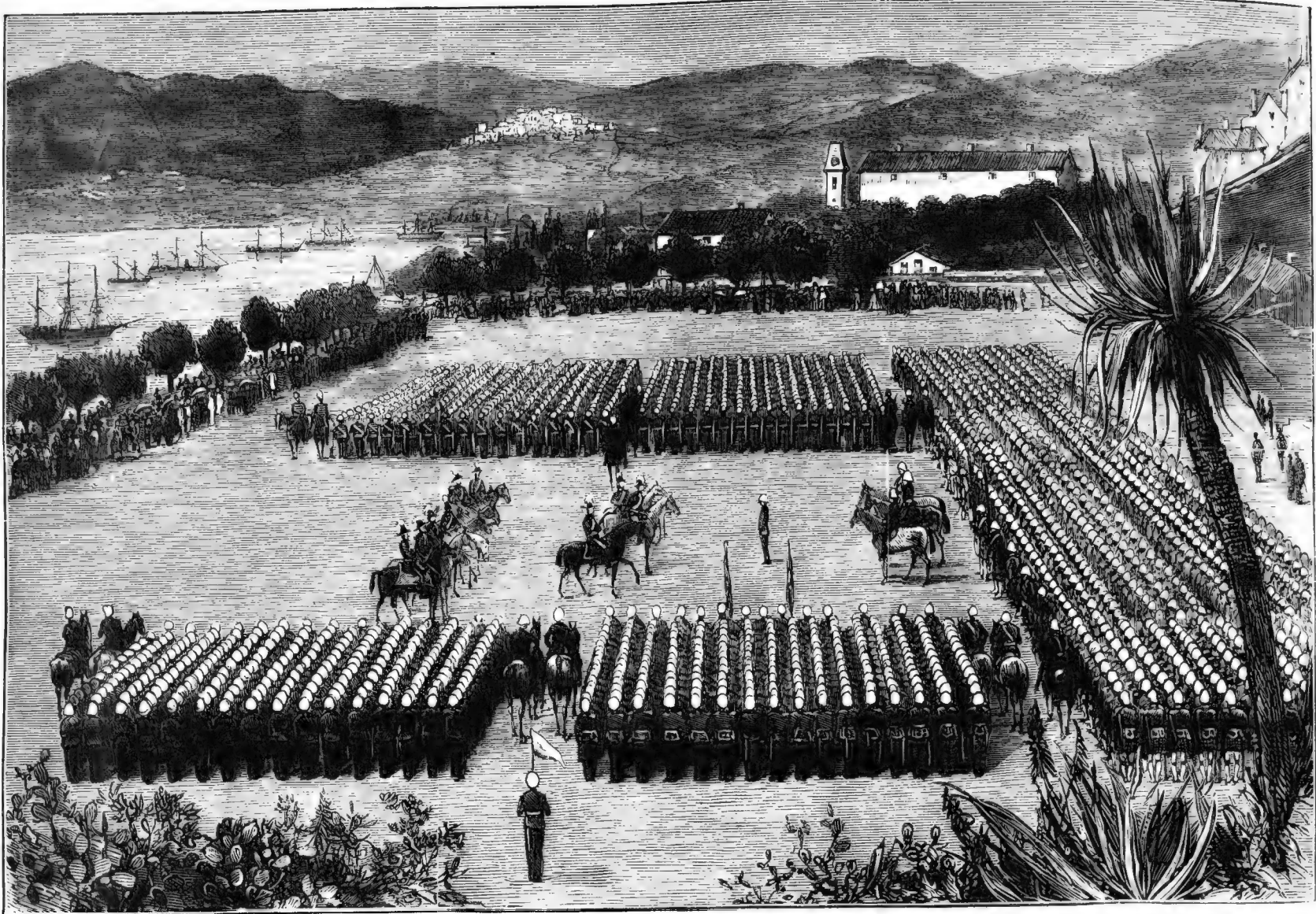
THE NEW CUSTOMS AND REVENUE ACTS, under which the Civil Service Supply Association—the Bedford Street and Queen Victoria Street "Stores"—will have to pay income-tax on its profits, was issued on Monday. It enacts that a society registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act shall be chargeable to the tax in cases where the society sells to persons who are not members thereof, and where the transfer of the shares is limited either by rule or practice.

OUR MAIDS IN THE KITCHEN.—A paragraph calculated to excite alarm and indignation in the bosoms of our female domestics appears in a recent issue of the *Sanitary Record*. It touches the most jealously-guarded of maid-servant's privileges, the "Sunday out." According to Dr. Duffield, the Health Officer for Kensington, masters and mistresses who study the health of their respective households should exercise extreme caution in the matter. The medical gentleman in question, discussing the unpleasant subject of small-pox, points to the remarkable frequency of the instances in which the domestic servant of the house is the first to be seized. He also asserts that in the majority of such cases the symptoms first show themselves on or very near Sunday, at a period when they would have been expected to develop on the assumption that the disease had been contracted on the previous Sunday week, when the sufferer was enjoying her "Sunday out." "There certainly seems grave reasons to fear," says the *Sanitary Record*, "that the practice of allowing servants their Sunday out not infrequently leads to the introduction from the overcrowded houses of the poor of the poison of zymotic disorders." Without disputing the possibility of such a theory it would be a pity, not to say an injustice, should the mistresses of England be induced to adopt the hint conveyed, and combine to deny to Sarah Jane the few hours of weekly freedom that at present go so far towards cheering her somewhat monotonous existence. The instances are decidedly exceptional of our female domestic hailing from "rookeries" or fever centres, and even should one here and there do so, it is not the home of her parents that has attractions for her on Sunday. She has her sweetheart to meet, and the blissful hours are mostly spent walking in the open air. Of course there may be unreasonable cases like that of the maid-of-all-work who, when remonstrated with by her mistress for going home when sickness prevailed, replied that "It was very hard if a poor gal mightn't go and fetch her own family's measles if she'd a mind to." But servants as a rule are as little likely to wantonly run into danger as they are to run away from it when it is unavoidable, and makes its appearance in the house where they are employed. Maybe if our maids in the kitchen were harassed by the over strict precautions of those they serve, they would not so faithfully remain at their posts at times when the knocker is muffled, and the doctor the most constant visitor.

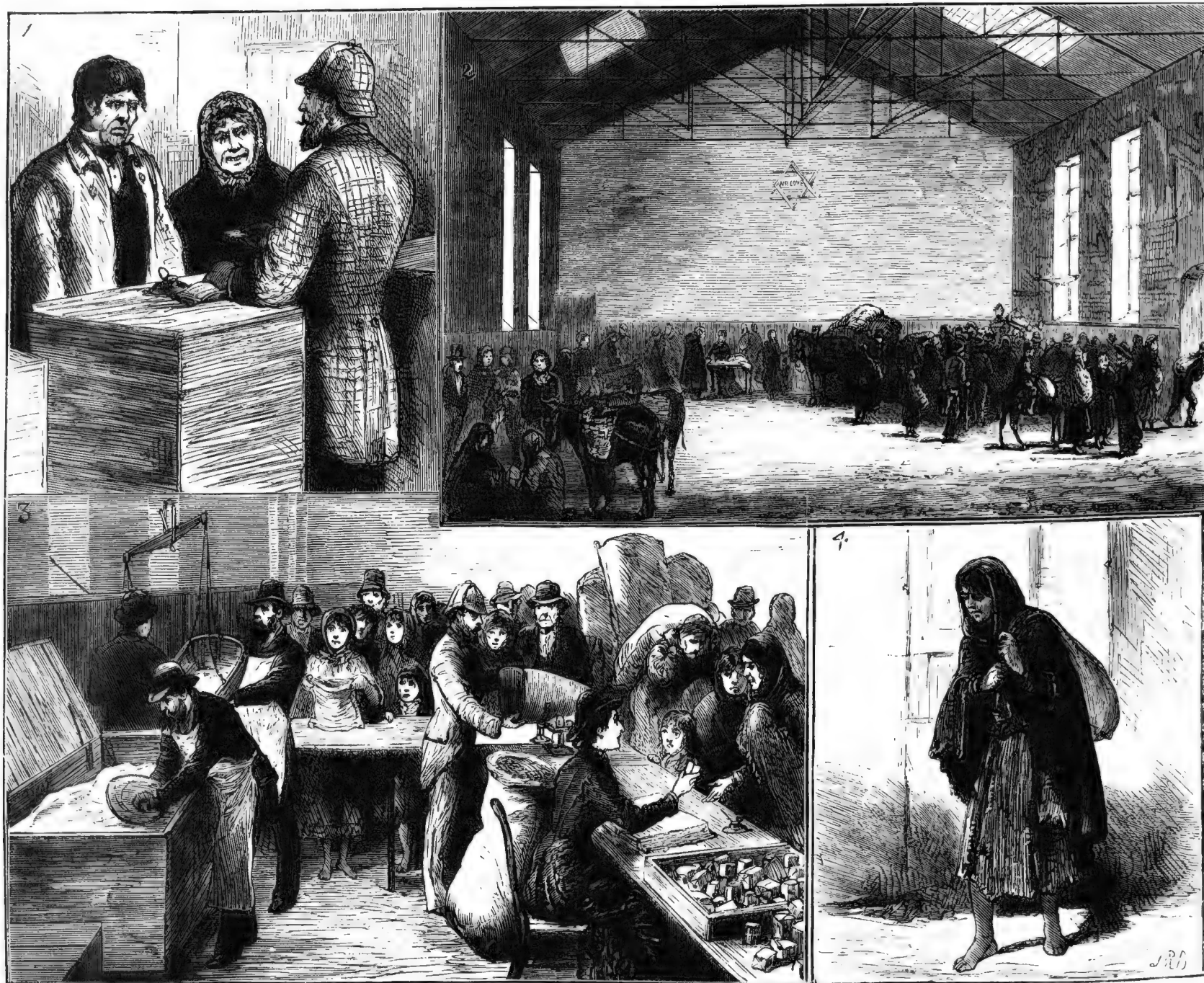
"BILL STICKERS BEWARE!"—Those eccentric arithmeticians who take delight in computing how many sovereigns, laid flat and singly, would serve to pave Salisbury Plain might find a congenial task in estimating the thousands of reams of paper that during the past month have been devoted to electioneering purposes, and how many loaves of bread might have been made of all the flour that has found its way into the bill-stickers' paste cans. There was a time when a pretty array of figures would have been required in an attempt to set forth the number of broken heads and black eyes sustained by the stickers themselves in pursuing their perilous trade during the fury of the party conflict. A quarter of a century since the bill-poster was regarded as a lawless person, a poacher on and a desecrator of private property, a nuisance who was warned off walls and all spaces tempting to his avocation. "Bill Stickers Beware!" met him at every turn, and he had to do his plastering under cover of night, relying on the tenacity of his paste to make it next to impossible to tear down a placard when once it had dried to where it was stuck. It was only at general election time he was permitted to run riot, and even then he had a harassing time of it. Night and day he and his myrmidons were running amuck with "peels" and paste-brushes, which were as often used as weapons of war as for the purpose for which they were intended. Fights were frequent amongst rival stickers, the vanquished fleeing from the fray, smothered head and ears with the contents of their own cans and robbed of their placards, rendering them idle and helpless until a fresh supply could be obtained, and enabling the enemy to march triumphantly onward, putting up his "paper" in red-hot haste, well knowing that in a very short time the other side would rally, and "overlay" every inch of what had been done. Thus placard was plastered over placard until the whole mass fell of its own reeking weight from the wall, clearing the ground for a further wasteful expenditure of the unfortunate candidate's money. The renting of posting stations and the development of the trade to its present extensive and important proportions has to a great extent abolished this evil, and put an end to what in the "good old times" was a prominently ugly feature of a general election.

ENGLISH MISSIONS TO THE POOR OF PARIS are doing good work just now, for, besides the well-known efforts of Miss Leigh, the Belleville Mission, conducted by Miss De Broen, is of great service to the inhabitants of the crowded quarter which gained so ominous a reputation during the Commune. Established in 1871, when the misery in that neighbourhood from war and revolution was at its height, the Mission was intended to meet both bodily and mental needs, and the work has gradually extended into various useful branches. Religious teaching without controversy is the chief aim, and Bible classes, Sunday schools, and Evangelical meetings are constantly held; but one of the great features of the work is the Medical Mission, which is open four days a week, and where some 430 patients are weekly relieved and briefly addressed. There are also a training home for young nursery maids to supply English families, sewing classes, mothers' meetings, day and night schools,

(Continued on page 382)

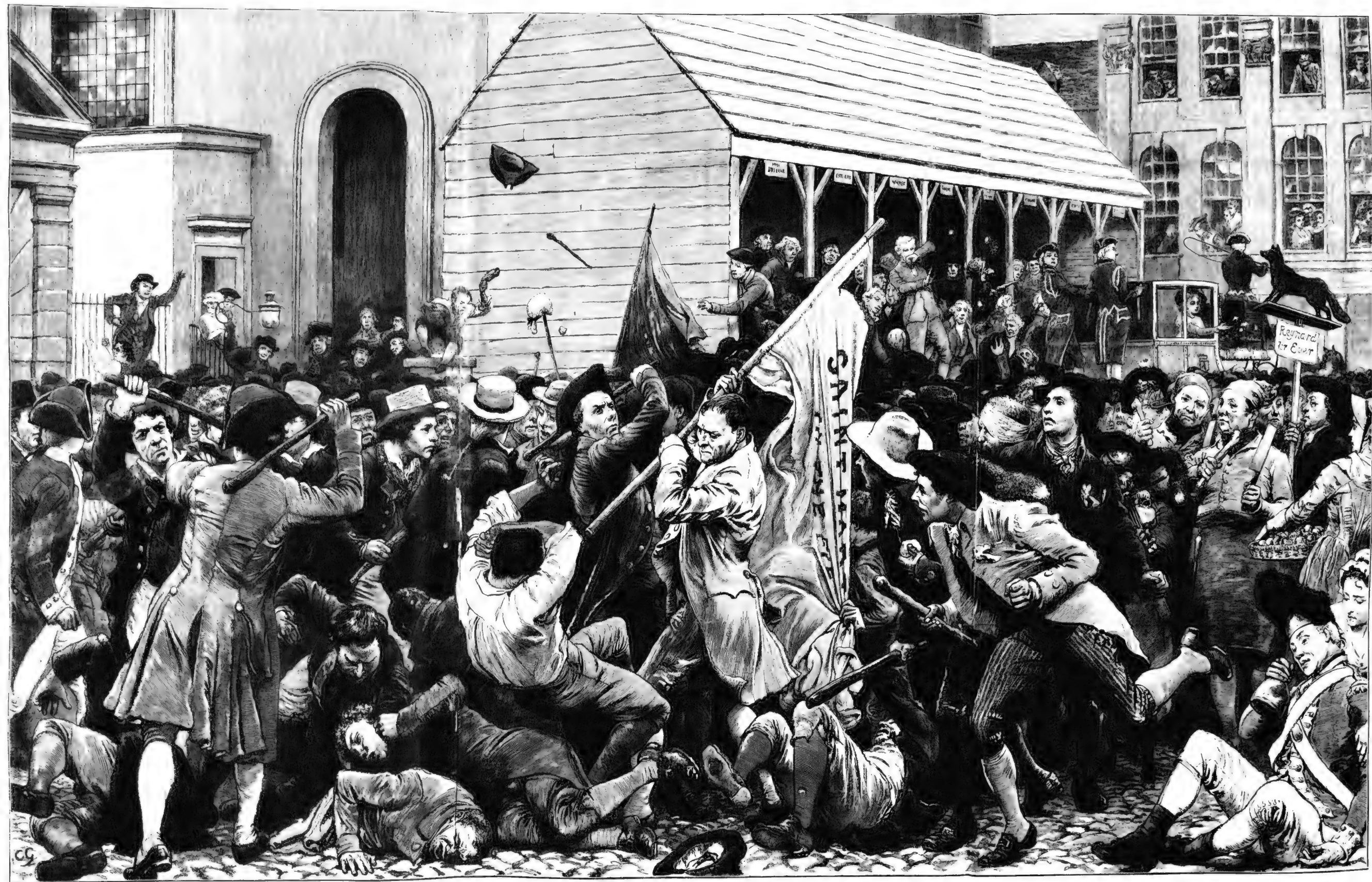


GIBRALTAR—PRESENTING THE VICTORIA CROSS TO PRIVATE JOHN WILLIAMS FOR BRAVERY AT THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT



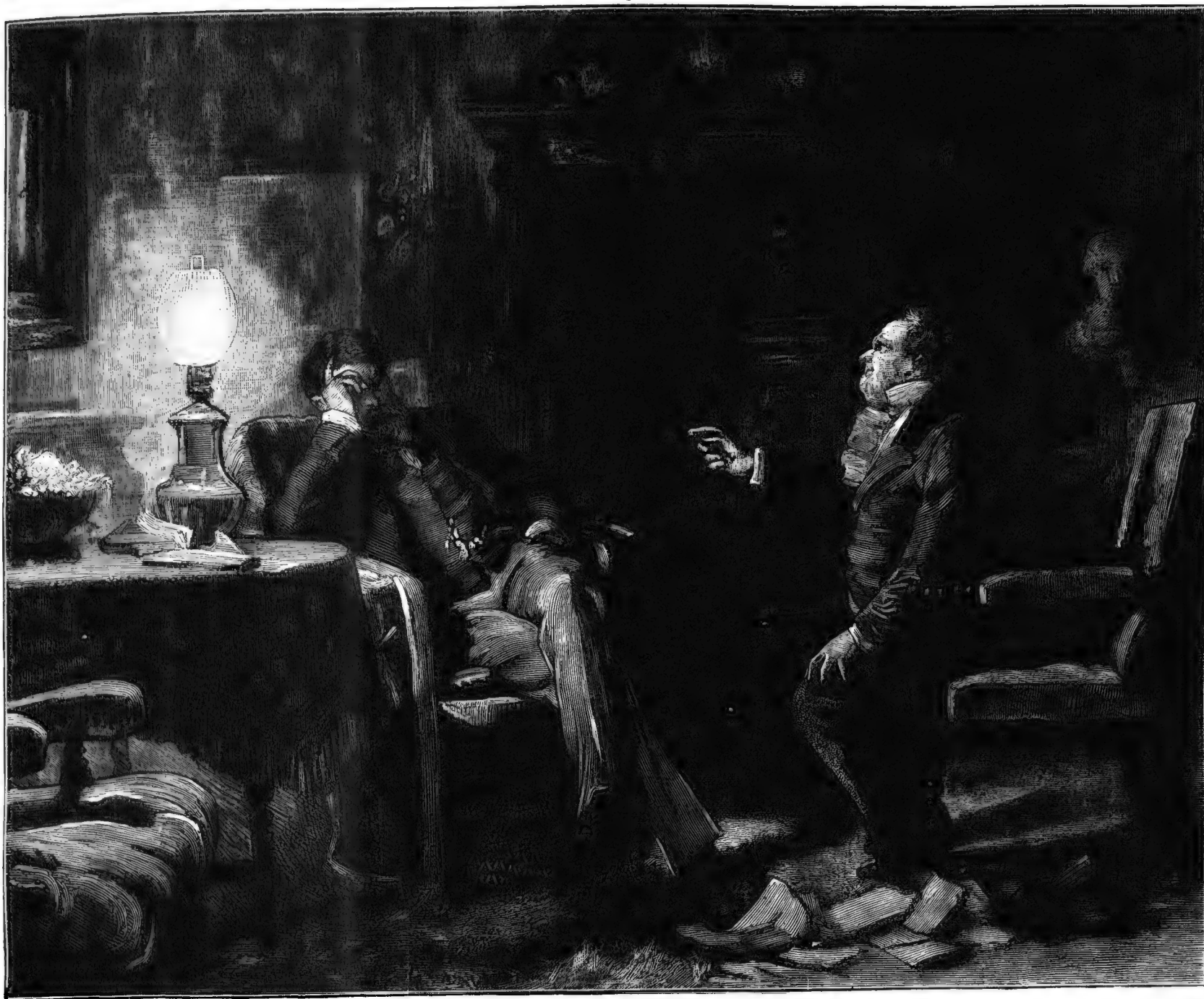
1. Failure and Success : Applying for Relief.—2. Feeding the Hungry : Scene in the Riding School.—3. Sir Henry and Lady Gore Booth at Work in their "Shop."—4. Happy though Heavy-laden.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—SKETCHES AT LISSADELL NEAR SLIGO



AN ELECTION A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BEFORE THE HUSTINGS IN COVENT GARDEN



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

"Prove your brother's will," said Mr. Marrables; "and pay Miss Winifred Savage's legacy."

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

LANCELOT YIELDS TO THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

MR. MARRABLES was a bright, chatty little old man, with a cheerful voice, a pleasant smile, and scant crisp white hair brushed up in a curly ridge along the top of his head, like a cock's comb. Sitting at the foot of the dinner-table that evening, so plump, so rosy, so trim, in tightly-buttoned frock coat, high velvet collar, and ample shirt-frill, he looked like a dapper old cherub.

Mr. Marrables, however, was not a cherub. He was the Brackenburys' family lawyer, and the last surviving partner of that old firm which had carried their cause through the famous law suit.

"Dulness," he was saying, "is a relative term. For myself, being neither painter nor sportsman, I should probably die here of ennui. But then, you see, I am a lawyer; and lawyers are nothing if not gregarious. We should break our hearts in Utopia. You know why Lord Chief Justice Parnell said that lawyers might as well be rogues in this world?—because they wouldn't care to go to a heaven where there was neither marrying nor dying, and consequently neither disputed wills nor breaches-of-promise. Profane, eh? But Parnell's jokes were as profane as a parson's. He had a Socratic way of questioning witnesses on points of law when he was at the Bar—what he called extracting pure equity from their inner consciousness. He got queer answers sometimes. 'Why is bigamy unlawful?' he once asked a rustic at Singleton Assizes. 'Well, master,' replied Chawbacon, 'because, accordin' to the Scriptures, a man cannot serve two masters!' But you were talking about the delights and dulnesses of a country life. You see what these moors are—positively alive with game at this season. The hunting, however, is not convenient. The hounds never meet nearer than Danebridge or Newton Bottom, both twelve or fourteen miles distant; and you can't send your horses in advance, because there is nowhere to put them up. No—I don't hunt now. One is too old for that sort of thing at seventy-five. Not look it, eh? Well, perhaps not. Lucky for us that we don't score a furrow for every year, like some of the cactuses at Kew! By the way, Mr. Cochrane, if you are anything of a botanist or archæologist, you will find plenty to interest you here besides partridges and pheasants. These moors abound in rare varieties of ferns and mosses; and as for pre-historic antiquities, dolmens, and so on, they are as plentiful as blackberries. You have not yet seen the Bride Stones or the Witches' Round? Why, they are the lions of Brackenbury! The Witches' Round is a fine circle of fifteen monoliths, eleven of which are still upright—supposed to be fifteen young witches whom Joseph of Arimathea caught dancing by moonlight; and he very unkindly turned them into stones. There is one night in the year—St. John's

Evening, I think—when at the stroke of midnight, they become witches again and dance for an hour. Fact, I assure you. All our country folk swear to it; and what every one says must be true. What is this?—port? Not the yellow seal, Church?"

"The yellow seal, Mr. Marrables," replied Mr. Brackenbury's butler; a stately personage who had been in the family for nearly half a century. "We never gives you any other, sir."

"Pon my life, I am ashamed—positively ashamed! 'Gad! this is something like port! There's not such another glass of wine in the county. Your grandfather bought it, with old Slocombe's whole cellar, at my suggestion, Mr. Brackenbury—six dozen dozen in all, and every bottle of the choicest! He used to tell me I never did him a better turn. Regular old-fashioned three-bottle man, that Slocombe! Kept this particular port for his own drinking. Never gave it to his guests, if he could help it. I used to ask for it, out of malice—pure malice! He couldn't refuse, you know; but grudging every drop. Drank himself across the Styx, poor devil! Crosby warned him of it—tried to cut him down to one bottle a day; but 'twas of no use. 'I don't ask you to drop it altogether, Mr. Slocombe,' says Crosby; 'but you must leave off drinking it in a great measure.' Slocombe promised. Crosby, however, timed his next visit after dinner, and found the patient well into his third bottle. 'I've not broken my word, doctor,' says Slocombe; 'I promised I would leave off drinking it in a great measure;—and, by Jove! sir, he was tipping it in liqueur glasses!—What! both you young men sticking to the claret jug? Fie! 'Claret for boys,' you know, 'port for men; brandy for heroes.' 'Pon my life, now, it spoils my pleasure not to pass the bottle.'"

"I fear you must vanquish it alone this time, Mr. Marrables," said Lancelot Brackenbury.

"The gods forbid! No, my dear friend; I must keep my head cool—for, to tell you the truth, I am not here to-night for the sole pleasure of dining with you *All improvviso*. I am going to beg for ten minutes' chat by and by on some little matters of business."

Old Court was but a bachelor's den after all, and boasted of no third room; so, when they had taken their coffee, host and guests adjourned to the studio.

"I will leave you now to your business talk," said Cochrane, when he had chatted for a minute or two, and twisted up his cigarette. "You'll find me in the dining-room when you want me."

But this was what Lancelot Brackenbury would by no means allow.

"My business transactions are simple enough," he said. "We have no secrets to discuss. I am but a steward, you know—isn't it so, Marrables?"

The little lawyer coughed doubtfully.

"I have nothing to say that Mr. Cochrane is not welcome to hear," he replied.

"But I am *de trop*," urged he of the Wax and Wafer Department.

"Not a bit of it, sir—not a bit of it. Mr. Brackenbury says truly; we have no secrets."

So Mr. Cochrane stayed, retreating to a far corner with a book and a reading lamp; while the man of law brought out his papers, dropped his cheery, chirruping manner, and settled down to business.

"First of all, there is that question of the right of way through Crawford Spinney. My partner and I have gone into it from every point of view, and with no better result. In the absence of any assertion of manorial right on your part, we are powerless to stop the traffic."

"It's a horrible nuisance," said Mr. Brackenbury.

"It is not only a nuisance, but an aggravated form of trespass. It opens a short cut to your preserves on that side, and offers a direct temptation to tramps. Then the worst of it is, the longer it goes on, the more it assumes the appearance of an established right—the more difficult, therefore, will it be to put a stop to it by and by."

"But can you do nothing to prevent it?"

"Nothing whatever. And now—let me see—ah! yes—now about those leases—Lawrence's and Bell's. Lawrence's, as you know, expired about nine months ago, and Bell's has run out close upon two years. Bell came to me again yesterday, and was very urgent about it."

"You have explained the difficulty to them, of course?"

"Yes; that is to say, I have told them what you feel and think upon the subject; but they do not appreciate your scruples."

"They are a pair of ignorant asses," said Mr. Brackenbury emphatically.

"No, no, my dear friend; they are both very worthy, respectable men—men whose forbears have leased their holdings from your predecessors for generations, and who object—reasonably enough—to being placed in the position of yearly tenants. Look at Bell, for instance—a really superior class of farmer; willing to put money into the land, but held back by the uncertainty of his present position. Told me that he purposed going largely into guano and patent manures, if only his lease were renewed in proper form. Meanwhile the land suffers as well as the farmer."

"Heavens and earth! does the man take us for thieves?" exclaimed Mr. Brackenbury. "He ought to know that he is as safe as if he had his lease signed, sealed, and in his own strong box."

The little lawyer smiled grimly.

"You are dreadfully unpractical," he replied. "You forget that a lease is property, and that Bell has a family to provide for. He is as good a tenant as ever tilled the soil, and he deserves good treatment."

"Good treatment! Who dreams of treating him ill? Does he think he is to be trapped into sinking his money, only to find his rent raised immediately after? It's a downright insult."

"Nothing of the kind. Bell is right, and Mr. Brackenbury is wrong. Suppose, now, you were to die suddenly. This property would go to the Scotch branch; and your successor, if I am not mistaken, is just the man to grasp at any opportunity of raising his rents."

"Thank you, Marrables," said Mr. Brackenbury. "It's a pleasing suggestion; but I'm not going to die just yet."

"God forbid! I only put the case to show you that these men are not—excuse me!—are not being fairly dealt by."

"Confound it all! How can I help it? What can I do?"

"Nothing—except one thing."

"Which I will not do—as you well know."

Mr. Marrables shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought it was understood that I entirely rejected that ultimatum," continued Mr. Brackenbury, with some heat of manner. "I did not suppose you would return to it."

"I am compelled to return to it," said the lawyer.

"As for Bell, and Lawrence, and the rest of them, they must wait—as I am waiting. And if they won't wait, they may go to the devil, leases and all!"

Mr. Marrables stroked his chin contemplatively.

"—And the property," he added. "Don't forget that. The property goes to the devil likewise, you know."

Mr. Brackenbury muttered something about "Letting it go, and welcome!"—thrust his hands into his pockets, and glared at the fire.

"Lancelot Brackenbury," said Mr. Marrables, with much suavity, "you are the most obstinate and the most unreasonable young man I ever had the pleasure of knowing. Nevertheless, I have a last word to say—about the legacies."

An impatient movement on the part of his client.

"It has probably not occurred to you that, by not proving your brother's will, you are year by year keeping a number of persons out of their just dues."

Mr. Brackenbury made no reply.

"It may be argued that so long as they know nothing about it, they are not aggrieved; but is it fair to keep them in ignorance? How can you tell that some of the older and poorer legatees may not die before coming into possession of their money?"

"I have thought of that," said the young man, in a low voice. "I have taken care that none of the really poor shall lose by the delay. Joe Howell, the two Dodds, old Lois Bailey, and lots of others, have had their five and tens and twenties, just the same."

"The deuce they have!—on what grounds? As a gift from yourself?"

"Well, yes—partly. I said I knew it was what Cuthbert wished."

"Humph! I suppose you know you'll be liable to pay it all over again, when you prove the will?"

"I thought it likely. But what does it matter?—a few hundreds more or less!"

Mr. Marrables shook his head, and tried to look as if he disapproved.

"Very foolish!" he said. "Very foolish, and one-sided, and altogether out of rule! Besides, how can you tell that some of the larger legatees may not want their money quite as much as the Dodds and the Baileys?—Miss Winifred Savage, for instance. She ought to be paid."

"If I know anything of Miss Savage's character and disposition," said Mr. Brackenbury, warmly, "she is the last who would desire to profit by my poor brother's will!"

"I don't doubt it—as far as she is herself concerned; but I was thinking of old Miss Langtreay. Are you aware that The Grange is mortgaged, and the mortgage about to be foreclosed?"

"Mortgaged? By whom? By Miss Langtreay?"

He spoke quickly. He was evidently startled.

"By the late squire. He mortgaged it for five thousand, a month or so before his death."

"Do you know the mortgagee?"

"John Fawcett."

"Fawcett of Singleton? His own solicitor?"

"Ay; the original mortgagee being Frank Fawcett, his nephew—now a junior partner. Frank Fawcett, however, transferred the mortgage to his uncle some years ago. But we may be pretty sure that it was the elder Fawcett's money from the first, and that it has been long since paid, with the Lord knows how many more thousands, in the form of costs."

"Heavens! What an infamy!"

Mr. Marrables smiled blandly.

"Clever practice, my young friend," said he.

"Miss Langtreay must not lose The Grange!" exclaimed Mr. Brackenbury, emphatically.

"How do you propose to prevent it?"

"By paying off the mortgage immediately. It is what Cuthbert would do, if he were here."

"It is what he would have a right to do—which you have not."

"But I will do it for him—with his money."

"Stop!—Neither you nor any one else is supposed to know that The Grange is encumbered. It is a matter that has been kept strictly private. Besides, if Miss Langtreay does not take you into her confidence, how can you perform the part of a *Deus ex machina*, descending upon the stage with a money-bag in one hand and a cancelled deed in the other?"

"If you know of the mortgage, why may not I know of it?"

"Because I learned it from an engrossing clerk, who would be ruined if his name leaked out. You cannot act on my information."

Mr. Brackenbury half rose from his chair.

"By heavens! Marrables," he said angrily, "you delight to raise obstacles. If Fawcett forecloses, the place will be put up for sale, and we can buy it in. Or you might go to Fawcett and Clarke, and say that I wish to arrange the matter privately. The thing can be managed; and if well managed, Miss Langtreay need not even be told that I am in it."

Mr. Marrables listened with provoking calmness.

"My dear young friend," he said, "you theorise with the refreshing impulsiveness of youth. The place will not be put up for sale. The mortgagee will take the estate in liquidation of the debt, and an excellent bargain he will get. I should not wonder if old Fawcett means to live at The Grange himself. As for arranging the matter privately in Miss Langtreay's favour, you might as well propose to arrange privately for the settlement of the National Debt. It is simply a case of Langtreay *versus* Shylock. Shylock is a cannibal; and though you should offer him a dozen beefsteaks in exchange, he prefers his pound of flesh."

"But there *must* be a way out of it!"

"Undoubtedly, there is a way out of it. Prove your brother's will, and pay Miss Winifred Savage's legacy of twelve thousand pounds."

Mr. Brackenbury moved uneasily in his chair, and shaded his face with his hand.

"I must have time," he said presently; "time to consider."

"You have taken four years to consider already," said Mr. Marrables.

Tea was brought; and after tea, the spirit decanters and cigar boxes. Mr. Cochrane laid down his book; and the little lawyer, dropping his professional manner, chirruped and chattered away as before. But Lancelot Brackenbury went out for a solitary walk on the terrace.

When after about half-an-hour's absence he came back, it was with a very grave and a somewhat pale face.

"I have made up my mind, Marrables," he said abruptly. "I will do as you advise."

"I am heartily glad to hear you say so."

"I do it against my inclination—against my judgment. But I yield to circumstances. God forgive me if I do wrong!"

"Believe me, you do only what is just. And now—for we must act promptly—you had better meet me in Singleton to-morrow morning, and I'll have the affidavits ready. What o'clock shall we say? Eleven?"

The young man nodded gloomily.

"Very good—eleven. And now I must be going home. No, no—don't ask me. I would stay if I could—only too gladly. But I have an appointment at my office to-morrow morning at nine, and another at half-past; and it will run me pretty sharp to be ready for you by eleven. May I order my trap?"

"By all means; but it's sheer insanity to turn out for a fourteen miles' drive at this hour. You can't see a yard before you."

"Oh! that's nothing," said Mr. Marrables, putting out his hand to the bell. "The mare knows her way, and sees in the dark like a cat."

The solemn butler appeared.

"Bid James put the mare in, Church, and bring the trap round."

The order was so unusual, that Church looked at his master to see if anything was wrong.

"We've got your room ready, sir," he said hesitatingly.

"All the worse for me, Church, that I can't occupy it to-night. Just tell James to be as quick as he can, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And look here, Church—my lord will kindly lend me an extra rug till to-morrow."

The faintest gleam of intelligence flashed over Church's monumental countenance; but Lancelot Brackenbury looked down and said nothing.

Mr. Marrables had carried his point.

CHAPTER XVI.

ART, NATURE, AND ETHNOLOGY

HORACE COCHRANE was one of the discreetest of men. He said nothing till questioned, and even then he committed himself as little as possible. His friend took it for granted that he had heard both sides of the question, and asked what he thought of it; to which Mr. Cochrane replied that, although he had done his best not to listen, he could not help hearing something of the discussion; and that from what little he did hear, it seemed to him that Mr. Marrables was right. He did not say how much that little was, nor did Lancelot ask him.

Now he had in truth tried hard not to hear; and although he was by no means in a reading mood, he did, somehow or another, succeed in abstracting his mind from the conversation, till the name of Miss Winifred Savage arrested his attention. That name, spoken by Mr. Marrables with peculiar emphasis, took his ear by surprise, and for a moment he caught himself listening to what followed. After this, do what he would, he could not again deafen himself to what was going on. He forced his eyes to follow the printed words along the page, but they conveyed no meaning to his brain. He heard all about the mortgage, and all about the legacy that Lord Brackenbury had left to his intended bride. There could be no doubt that these were exceedingly private matters, and that he had no business to know anything about them; but it was not his fault that they were discussed in his presence, or that he had involuntarily heard what was said.

The two young men rode over to Singleton early next morning, where they put up for a couple of hours at "The Three Feathers"—an old-fashioned inn and posting-house overlooking the market-place. Mr. Cochrane then strolled out to see the town, while Lancelot Brackenbury—who should now be called Lord Brackenbury—transacted his business with Mr. Marrables.

There is not much to interest a stranger in the clean, commonplace, sleepy streets of this North Country town. Mr. Cochrane, however, roused up the sextoness, went over the Abbey Church, tried in vain to decipher the half-effaced legend on the market-cross, inspected some fragments of Roman wall in a meadow outside the town, and sauntered round the grass-grown bull-ring which local archaeologists fondly believe to be the remains of a Roman amphitheatre. Having done all this—and it barely consumed an hour of the time he had to wait—he came back to "The Three Feathers," took refuge in a warm corner of the coffee-room, and solaced himself with "Burke's Landed Gentry" and yesterday's *Manchester Mercury*.

They were to have luncheon presently, when Lancelot's business was done; and then they were to ride home by way of Langtreay Manor, so paying that promised visit to the ladies of The Grange.

It has been seen that Mr. Cochrane was somewhat keen upon this visit to The Grange. Besides that he was a bit of an antiquary, inquisitive about old houses, old families, genealogies, and the like, he was also curious to see the young lady whose prospects had been so strangely blighted a few years ago. Vague rumours of her beauty, of her poverty, and of the generous motives of the lost lord's wooing, had found their way erewhile from Lancashire to London; and when her lover's disappearance was the common talk of the town, Miss Savage's name came frequently to the surface. Horace Cochrane had at the time been as much interested in the affair as every one else; and, like every one else, had by and by grown tired of it. Chancing, however, to become acquainted with Lancelot Brackenbury a year or two after, every half-forgotten circumstance of the notorious "Brackenbury Case" came back upon him with twofold vividness. Meanwhile, although the acquaintance ripened to intimacy and led to this present invitation to Old Court, he knew no more of the story than before. It was a subject upon which Lancelot Brackenbury never opened his lips, and upon which good taste and good feeling forbade the other to venture. This restraint, however, but the more stimulated his curiosity. He longed to ask a hundred questions, although he dared not ask one. Above all, he was impatient to see the heroine of the story. Sitting in the coffee-room of "The Three Feathers," deep as it would seem, in the local news of the *Manchester Mercury*, he could not get last evening's conversation out of his head. That the old Grange should be saved at the last moment by this gift from the dead was a purely dramatic touch, and one that pleased him hugely. So did the legacy. Twelve thousand pounds is a fascinating sum. There is a respectable simplicity about it which is very soothing to the imagination; and Mr. Cochrane, as a man of the world, would have been one of the first to admit that a heroine with 12,000*l.* to her fortune is of necessity more interesting than a heroine with not so many pence.

From Singleton to Langtreay the way lies through a fat, flat country rich in corn-lands and apple-orchards, with glimpses here and there of a winding river, and now and then a farmhouse, or a grey church tower. A pleasant country to ride through, especially if one knows it well enough to leave the high road and follow the green lanes through which Lancelot Brackenbury piloted his guest this bright November afternoon! It was, indeed, more like early

October than mid-November. There had of late been a long spell of mild and foggy weather; but to-day the sky had cleared, and there was a pleasant freshness in the air. The trees were thin, but not yet stripped of their gold and russet foliage; and the hedges were scarlet in the hedgerows. Yonder to the left, dark with fern and scrub, and breaking away here and there in walls of sand-cliff, rose the long, sullen ridge of the Brackenbury Manor. From Singleton lying well out in the valley, to Langtreay nestled close under the lee of this ridge, the two friends rode at a brisk canter.

Talking from time to time in a desultory way with long spaces of silence between, they came by and by to a triangular patch of grass whereon a three-fingered sign-post marked the meeting-place of three by-roads. The fingers pointed "To Singleton," "To Langtreay," and "To Brackenbury."

Cochrane was about to turn his horse's head towards Langtreay, but Lancelot took the Brackenbury Road, saying that it was prettier, and not much out of the way.

It was certainly very pretty—a mere lane, scarcely more than a cart-track, skirting the right bank of a little alder-fringed stream close under the foot of the ridge. Between the opposite bank and the slope beyond, there ran a strip of meadow in which cows were feeding; and presently they came to a point where a wooden foot-bridge crossing the stream, and a roofless cottage standing out in strong light against a background of sandy hill-side, looked as if placed on purpose for the sketcher.

"It only wants a few accessories," observed Mr. Cochrane, critically.

His companion smiled.

"Accessories?" he repeated. "What sort of accessories? The time-honoured white horse, or the inevitable old woman in a red cloak?"

"Nonsense—you know what I mean. It is a nice little subject; but to make a picture, it needs a foreground object—say a tree-trunk yonder, to balance the composition; or an old cart standing half in and half out of the water. Anything simple and picturesque."

"A man hung himself in that cottage about ten years ago—what do you say to that for a picturesque incident? You might, by an artistic license, transfer him to a branch of that tree in the foreground. But I confess the scene is simple and picturesque enough for me as it is."

Cochrane shook his head. He sketched rather effectively in a conventional style, and he wrote occasional criticisms on the studios for a fashionable paper. Hence he had come to be regarded as an authority on matters of Art, in Belgravia.

"Ah," he said, confidently, "that is where you and I differ. I don't in the least sympathise with your ultra-realistic school. Isn't it Lord Bacon who defines Art as 'Nature *plus* man'?"

"Yes; but not as Nature *plus* the stage-manager. Your tree-trunk and your cart are mere 'properties'—not one bit more legitimate, to my thinking, than the red cloak or the white horse. But look! here is a foreground object after your own heart."

A turn in the road had just brought them in sight of a sand-carrier limping at the heels of a very small and very shaggy donkey. The man was long, and lank, and lame of one foot; the ass, laden with a couple of heavy sacks, seemed to carry his burden with difficulty.

"Is this one of your Saracen-folk?" asked Cochrane.

"Ay, and if I don't mistake, he's the son of your acquaintance of yesterday. Halloo! my man, mind where you're going!"

The fellow looked round, pulled his ass up to the roadside, and waited for them to pass. He was a sallow, sullen-looking lad of eighteen or twenty, with matted black locks hanging about his ears, and a mangy fur cap on his head. Seeing who approached, he pulled this article off, and stood twirling it in his hands.

"So, it's you, Seth," said Mr. Brackenbury, reining in his horse. "Where are you going?"

"T' pottery."

"What, to Stoke?"

The fellow nodded.

Mr. Brackenbury shook his head.

"Not with that load," he said. "I tell you what it is, my man—this is a case of too much sand, and not enough donkey."

Seth stared, and said nothing.

"Come, you know what I mean," said Mr. Brackenbury, sharply. "Untie those sacks, and let out some of the sand. Do you hear?"

He heard, but stirred not.

"T' hummar be strong eno," he said, surlily.

Mr. Brackenbury looked at him, drew off his right hand glove, turned back his coat-cuff, and examined the lash of his riding-whip.

"If you don't immediately follow my advice, Seth Plant," he said, very quietly, "I shall have the pleasure of giving you as smart a licking as ever you had in your life. Ah! I thought that argument would convince you. Now let it run till I bid you stop."

Very unwillingly, Mr. Seth Plant untied the middle first of one sack and then of the other, leaving by the wayside two conical sand heaps, like the runnings of a giant hour glass. He then slowly reloaded his donkey, intending to scrape up the sand, and put it back again as soon as the gentlemen should be out of sight. But Lancelot Brackenbury was fully awake to this possibility, and though it compelled himself and his friend to travel at a footpace, he made the sand-carrier trudge on before.

"There isn't a bigger scamp on the moor than that long scoundrel," said he, presently; "except his father. In fact, it would be hard to find two more characteristic specimens of our 'dark folk' than Isaac *père* and Seth *fils*."

"Are they all so swarthy?" asked Cochrane.

"Pretty nearly. Some of the women are red-haired, though. Do you see anything peculiar in the type?"

"I fancy I do, though I cannot define it."

"Nor any one else; though our local wiseacres have a variety of theories about it. Some credit them with the heavy-lidded Oriental eye; others detect something Semitic in the shape of the skull, and so on. But so far as I can see—and I'm no ethnologist—they're uncommonly like gipsies; a dark-skinned, light-fingered lot, remarkable for nothing but dirt and dishonesty. There's something odd, however, about their dialect. My brother had begun to collect and classify their vocabulary—for it seems they have a vocabulary which is in some respects different from our regular North country jargon."

"That's curious."

"Very curious; especially if poor Cuthbert's theory was correct. Did you notice the name this fellow gave his donkey just now? He called it the 'hummar.' That's one of their words. My brother declared it was pure Arabic—identical with *homâr*, the Arabic for ass. I don't know a syllable of any Eastern language myself; but he was very strong on all those matters, and he traced lots of their words—or fancied he traced them—to Arabic originals. Then, again . . .

He checked himself, pulled off his hat, and said:—

"There's Miss Savage."

(To be continued)

SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGES TO DEPARTED SAINTS have been instituted by Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen and his followers in Bombay. Last month Moses was the chosen saint, and the faithful who wished to converse with the spirit of the prophet were bidden to undergo a week's preparation, and on the following Sunday to meet "on the spiritual Sinai to hold communion with the prophet of the Jewish dispensation."



"MY LAND OF BEULAH" (Tinsley Bros.).—There are few people who will read these volumes without feeling grateful to Mrs. Leslie Adams for having rescued the stories they contain from the comparative oblivion of the pages of a periodical. Her earlier works, "Madelon Lemoine" and "Winstowe," showed promise of great novelistic power, and this promise has now been fulfilled. Many will cavil at the idea which prompted the authoress to collect these stories and publish them under one head as a three-volume novel. Others will be disappointed to find in the middle of the second volume that the whole three do not form a continuous work, but none who read them to the end will be disposed to blame the author for republishing the novelettes. The first story, which gives the title to the work under review, is a tenderly-told tale of English home life, such as our wives and our sisters may have played their part in; its very excellence only seems to deaden interest in the remaining stories, but they too are good of their kind. Eulalie the beautiful, with all her faults—and they are very very many—is drawn with loving care, as if the authoress feared her lack of higher virtues would detract from the love her beauty and grace inspires. The concluding stories, though falling short of the "Land of Beulah," are still far above the average of modern novels, and there is no doubt that the author's reputation will be enhanced by this very enchanting book.

Mrs. L. E. Wilton, in "Mary Browne" (Smith, Elder), has succeeded in discovering a very commonplace name for a very commonplace book. The first volume is taken up with the career of a very unruly schoolgirl at a very second-rate school, the second deals with her very laudable, but misplaced, endeavour to gain a footing as governess in a family, the younger members of which are unbearably quarrelsome, and the elder insufferably snobbish. The third introduces the element of love into the story, and we find the uncouth schoolgirl quarrelling with her unladylike mistress, and finally marrying that person's very questionable brother-in-law. The plot of the story is execrably commonplace, but the manner in which the bye-play is introduced show Mrs. Wilton not to be destitute of certain dramatic skill. We cannot conscientiously call "Mary Browne" anything but a failure, but we have no doubt that there are some who will consider it readable.

"Hugh Heron, Christ Church" (Strahan and Co.).—Mr. Tyrwhitt is evidently an admirer of the Kingsleys, his youths are of the muscular Christian type, his dons follow after Dr. Arnold, but even with this advantage it is difficult to make anything but a milk-and-water novel out of the University career of a young undergraduate. The dedication to Prince Leopold is couched in language which leaves no doubt but that the author looks upon Christ Church, Oxford, as the centre of the solar system. The book itself is too heavy for a single volume, and yet there is not enough matter in it out of which to have composed a second. After a careful perusal we must own that we think it would have been better had it been left unwritten. Before writing the poem it would have been well had the author referred to Dr. Chavasse or some other equally well known authority on the great maternity question; few ladies, we opine, would grumble were they able to appear in their drawing-rooms with fourteen-day-old babies by their sides, but would look upon themselves as "well out of it." To undergraduates, with but a boy's experience of life, "Hugh Heron" may possess some interest; old University men will regret that the author did not profit by the recollection of Tom Hughes' failure to describe College life; but the world at large will find little to interest and nothing to amuse them in the book.

THE OLD SALT

THE master mariner who has survived the dangers of the ocean, and who has made up his mind no more to roam, is one of the most characteristic items in the British population. There was a total tonnage, last year, of 8,300,000 in the merchant navy of England, and as 600 tons represents a respectable size of a ship, the autocrats of the quarter-deck who "come to anchor" on shore are rather considerable in number. They by no means all die between heaven and the deep sea. Their graves can often be found without the aid of a chart and a compass. A proportion of them is regularly filtered through English communities, and circumstances make the retired Salt a figure by himself in every locality where he has chosen to bestow his person.

As a rule the Old Salt affects the coast line, and need not be searched for at any great distance from the sound of the sea. Thus it happens that to dwellers in cities he is little known. Nor is he often found in farming regions. He has dreamt all his life, it is true, of going somewhere in England where he can grow his own fresh vegetables, and it has always seemed to him at sea, between the intervals of writing his log, sleeping, and shaping a course, that he would like to end his life in agriculture. The hungry waste of waters that has been his environment, and the absence of cauliflower in the galley, have suggested the luscious smell of the fresh earth, and a back garden well filled with his favourite relish. A hundred times, having stowed himself away for sleep, drenched and dripping, has he sworn to abjure the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic and Cape Horn, for a dry mattress in proximity to a granary. But he is faithful to the coast-line. He wants a harbour within stretch of his legs, where he can distend his nostrils to the cosmopolitan odour of tar. He needs a bay where the waves tumble in and make respectable detonations at all hours. He must see ships flying up to anchor when the spray is on the headland. And to get those sights and sounds the Old Salt has to find quarters for himself on the margins of the land.

He has not established himself long on the cottage half-way up the hill before the village becomes aware of his presence. Other cottages have contracted a grimy hue. Green patches of moss fill up the pointing in their masonry. Blown sand lies in heaps in the corners of their windows. The fuchsias are sickly through overgrowth, and the spiders have woven ropes of gossamer from the apple-tree beyond the walk to the honeysuckle above the door, where the sparrows have taken no pains to conceal the straw edge of a bulky nest.

It is the sound of the Salt's voice which gives a comprehensive announcement of his presence in the neighbourhood. He has not matched it against hurricanes for a life-time without gaining an emphasis in his throat worthy of the competition. Accordingly a husky bass pervades the hill-side morning, noon, and evening until the Salt has his cottage-front shining with whitewash, his clumps of straggling foliage tied together, irrelevant nests routed out, his garden walks weeded and cleaned, and everything "trim and taut." Presently the local shipwright gets an order, and, after inconceivable toil and oblation, a bare pole is fixed in the Salt's sward. The moment which sees the Union Jack slipping up the rope of the pole inaugurates "the anchorage." With a calm and dignified bearing the Salt then promenades his cottage-front, appreciating the hubbub of the woolly-pated youngsters who have come from near and far to inspect his mast, and imagining, spite of his sun-browned countenance, his innumerable wrinkles, and grey beard that he is as happy as they.

It is through the youngsters that the Old Salt gets into relationship with the community at his feet. Parents begin to hear their children exercising themselves in an unknown tongue of awful profanity. The bad words are referred to the Old Salt, and he is at first suspected as a swearer of superlative power, and it is not until the parson has mildly rebuked him amongst his bees and the doctor has been in to taste his rum that he takes rank as a person of tolerable respectability. The ice once broken, however, the Old Salt becomes speedily popular, and as he finds out that an English village is not a crew of Lascars nor a cargo of Coolies, he moderates the use of his lungs. The School Board visitor finds him serviceable to the generation whose morals he seemed to threaten. For he has had some of them among his flower-beds, and they have gone away replenished with gorgeous shells, bits of gum-arabic, lumps of coral, brass coins with holes in the middle of them, Chinese compasses, and what not. Each curiosity has its own story of far-off lands, so that boys begin to ask new geographical questions, and the schoolmaster has his heart warmed with the prospect of a *renaissance*.

Having taken up his quarters, the Old Salt begins to find time hang rather heavy on his hands. He can never conquer his surprise in the morning to find himself and his house standing exactly on the same hill-side as yesterday. It seems to him that it should have cleared out fifty knots in some direction or other. And he walks to the kennel, half expecting to see a jib or a foresail fluttering thereabouts, and the desire to roar an order is vented on the dog.

Various inducements are offered the Old Salt to get him into the current of the village life. Female figures in pink and scarlet look in upon him with collecting books, and he gives half-crowns, smelling of tobacco, for all sorts of unknown objects. But the parson tries in vain to get him among his aisles on Sunday, and when the well-meant effort fails, he cross-questions him upon the religious orgies of the South Sea Islanders, gets a description of a Celestial pagoda out of him, and works them up nicely in a popular lecture at the cathedral town a few weeks after. The local lawyer, who wants to know how he will vote at the election, fares no better. Off and on, he will say, he has tumbled up on deck for forty years, and had the spray on his face for the morning news. So he can't be got to care whether Liberalism or Conservatism has the upper hand in his district or in the country. He has been, however, to Bolivia and Peru, and other revolutionary parts, and seen dusky mobs pounding each other to a jelly, and he inclines to think that the party with the strongest right hand would suit him.

The Old Salt has got all his knowledge by eyesight, so he never yields to the literary blandishments of the village librarian. Yet, after his fashion, which is not Wordsworth's, he holds high converse with the heavens. The panorama of the sky may, indeed, be said to be his day's study. He can read a horizon as a Professor reads a palimpsest. From the jumble of whites and reds and sables hanging out over the sea he extracts the meaning at a glance. It frets him that he has nothing to stow away when he scents a storm, but when the storm comes he smokes his pipe at the end of the pier, and can tell to a half-hour when the brig on the lee must part with her anchors and go ashore. Then the life-boat having put off the village groups divide their attention between the disappearing and reappearing craft and the Old Salt, busily lighting lucifers on his thighs to demonstrate his superior coolness. By and by the broken bones of steamboats and the debris of stranded colliers suggests to somebody that weather forecasts might be taken from the Salt's hill-side. He is then officially presented with a thermometer, a barometer, a hygrometer, and a rain-gauge, and the horizon and its retinue of clouds is handed over to him for a small consideration a year. After that it is popularly believed among the loungers that the Old Salt has something to do with manufacturing the weather.

As the years gather upon his head the Old Salt begins to complain of rheumatism, and is seen more seldom at the pier. His eye, too, becomes less alert to the fluctuations in the bay and the motions in the clouds, and his hygrometer and rain-gauge are a weariness to him. But his inner eye becomes more vivid than ever. The whales of his sea-going experience that were fifty feet long when he arrived grow apace. His sharks swallow more and more seamen at each recital. His Patagonians, by reflection, have gone up, and his Aztecs have come down. His Esquimaux devour more and more candle ends, and vermilion is not hue enough to describe the redness of his Red Indian. At last he hazards the assertion that he has seen the sea-serpent, and it is currently understood that there is something wrong with the Old Salt. And when one sunny morning the flag droops half-mast high at the cottage door, there are some who turn to the horizon abruptly, for they know that he is with Tom Bowling and the rest of them.

W. S.



WILLIAM CZERNY.—A tender little love poem in the Scottish dialect has inspired Max Schröter with a charming melody. "Jeanie to Jamie" is a simple song of medium compass, which will please all tastes.—Longfellow's favourite poem, "Silent River," has been set to music by Franz Abt, but not with his usual success.—A pretty *morceau* to learn by heart is "St. Valentine's Dream," a tender love ditty for the pianoforte, arranged by W. Czerny upon an air by W. A. Mozart.—The same may be said of two brief *morceaux* by Robert Schumann, entitled respectively "La Rose" and "La Marguerite."—Four pleasing pianoforte pieces of moderate difficulty are "La Vierge à Gênois," by Richard Wagner; "Les Tourterelles," a *valse sentimentale*, by G. Bachmann; "Gavotte," arranged by E. Marlois from Handel's *oratorio of Jephtha*; and "La Belle Ninon," a *bourrée erotique*, by Rowland M. Winn. All four are worth the trouble of learning, which is more than can be said of many compositions of the period.—W. F. Taylor may be called the children's friend for his easy arrangements of a series of little fantasias without octaves, entitled "Bouquet of National Melodies." No. I., the time-honoured ballad "Home, Sweet Home," is remarkably well arranged. No. II. contains "The Minstrel Boy" and "Fly Not Yet," also neatly arranged. No. III., "March of the Men of Harlech," is meagre, and the least satisfactory of the series. No. IV., "The Campbells are Comin'," will catch the juvenile fancy with its spirited tune. No. V., "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Garry Owen," are nicely contrasted. No. VI. is the quaint old ditty, "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair," and "The British Grenadier," both easy to learn and pleasing to play. No. VII. the old favourite, "Blue Bells of Scotland." No. VIII., "Captain Morgan's March" and "The Ash Grove." No. IX., "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," is the most difficult of the set. No. X., "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen," should be in the portfolios of all young Britons. Nos. XI. and XII. are respectively "The Russian Hymn" and "The Red Sarafan," and "The Austrian Hymn" and "La Marseillaise." As a treat after the study of dry exercises, one or two of these dozen pieces will be welcomed by the young folks.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Pathetic words and music are combined in "The Wayfarer," a narrative song, written and composed by Christina Denning for a contralto voice.—Book I. of "Fifteen Two-Part Inventions," by J. S. Bach, is a clever work, although but little known in England hitherto on account of the numerous signs of embellishment, which are now almost obsolete.

Carl Reinecke has revised and modernised this work, which is well worthy the attention of musical students and amateurs. The editor has executed his work admirably.—Pianoforte duets are always welcome. It is a pity that they are not more plentiful, both easy and difficult pieces. F. Lemoine has arranged "The Coronation March," from Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, as a duet for the pianoforte, in a brilliant and not over difficult manner. It will give satisfaction both in the schoolroom and drawing room.—In an easier style, but equally to be commended, is "Bonaparte's Grand March," arranged for two performers by William Smallwood.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Two very romantic and sentimental songs are "Vaghe Illusioni," a romanza for mezzo soprano or baritone, written and composed by Signori F. Rizzelli and G. d'Ilavet Zuccarelli; and "A Cry of Love," words by Le Marquis de Leuville, music by Auguste Rotoli. The latter is published in three keys, so that all who suffer from the tender passion may thus poetically and musically express their feelings, and probably feel the better for it.—A weird picture will draw attention to "La Gioconda Galop," arranged from the ballet "Danza delle Ore," in the opera of *La Gioconda*, by Ponchielli. The music is brilliant, and has already won approbation here and abroad. This galop will surely be one of the favourites of the season.—A brief and slumber-provoking melody for the pianoforte is "Sleep," a really graceful trifle, by Sir F. W. Brady.

LAMBORN COCK.—Ciro Pinsuti has done well with the music of three songs of medium compass. Quaintest and prettiest of the three is "Sowing and Reaping." The poetry, by Helen M. Burnside, is very charming.—By the same poetess is "The Unfinished Song," which is well written, but bears a strong resemblance to "The Lost Chord."—The words of "'Tis Love that makes the Summer," by F. Langbridge, are fresh, and breathe a healthy sentiment.—"Love's Messenger," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and C. A. Ranken, is of the same satisfactory type.—There is nothing very new in either words by W. Guernsey, or music by Francesco Berger, of "Sunrise," a vocal duet for two *soprani* of limited knowledge and small vocal power. It is useful for the schoolroom.—A clever scherzando for the pianoforte is "Meneomi," by G. A. Osborne.—A "Gavotte in G," for the pianoforte, by Charles Gardner, is a lively and almost original specimen of its kind.—"Three Mazurkas" for the pianoforte, by Florence May, are grammatically and creditably written.

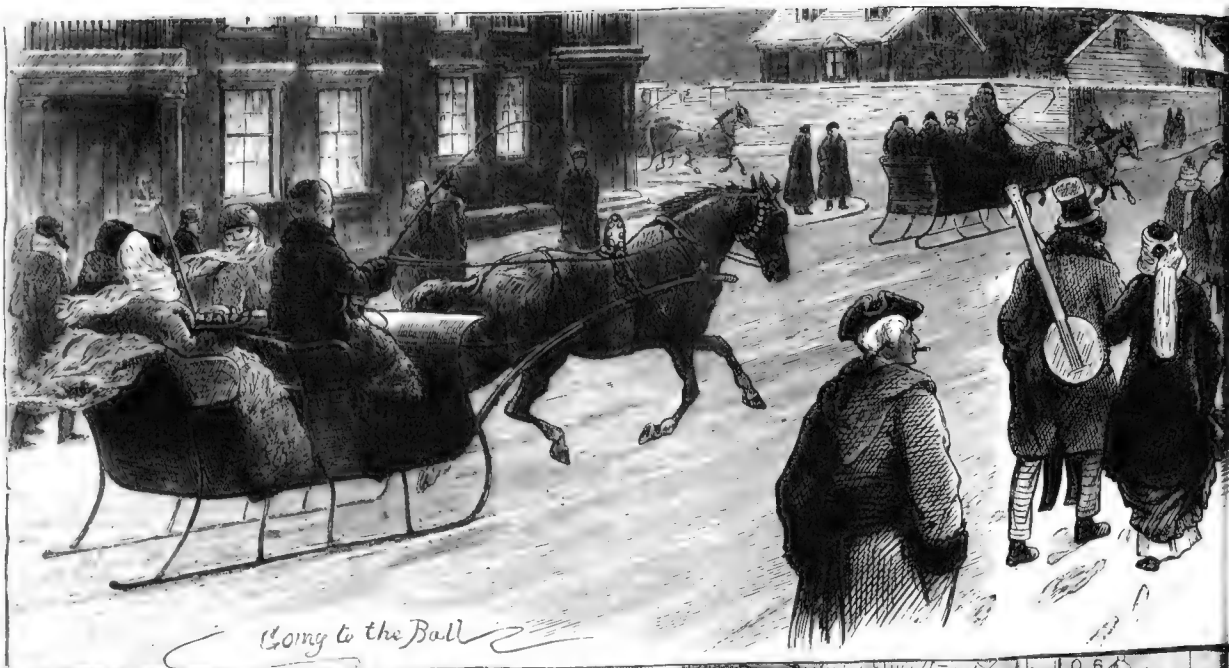
MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Mothers in general, and some fathers, will derive pleasure from singing and listening to "Little Lovers," written and composed by Somerville Gibney and W. C. Levey; but beyond the private family circle it will fall very flat.—Two pianoforte pieces of more than average merit, by J. T. Trekel, are "Chant des Patineurs" and "Mon Premier Bal," a *valse de concert*.

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—Book III. of "Howard's Harmonium Library" contains twelve compositions by Nicholas Heins, all more or less creditably written, and worthy the attention of players on the harmonium.—Little girls will take some trouble to learn "My Favourite Polka," by Alphonse Cary, not only because it is tuneful, but for sake of the pretty frontispiece of a small maiden and her large dog.

MESSRS. NICHOLSON AND ASCHERBERG (Melbourne).—There is much dry humour in "The Farmer and his Pigeons," a *naïve* song by Wilhelm Taubert, which made a great hit in Australia, and will prove a success at a Penny Reading in the agricultural districts of England.—No. 13 of "The Australian Musical Magazine" is the Christmas Number; and very good it is, with fifteen pieces, for the most part vocal, grave and gay, quite of the Christy Minstrel school, but tuneful enough to make musical reformers shudder. We need scarcely mention that "Grandfather's Clock" takes an honoured place in the collection.—"The Fairies' Wedding Waltz," by J. W. Turner, is fairly well written.—Hopelessly dull, in spite of a facetious frontispiece, is "The Jolly Tar's March," by Alfred Moul. As a rule, sailors are good dancers, and can "mark time well," but they would give this halting measure up in despair.—"Love in a Ballroom," waltz by Alberto Zelman, is a trifle better than the above, but more promising for the future than worthy in the present.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Racy and nervous is a hunting song, "The Bramham Moor and Five-and-Twenty Couples," written and composed by W. Pollin, Esq., and J. S. Lee (Bandmaster 20th Hussars)—a ditty that anybody with a voice and an ear (musical) can sing, if only in the chorus (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—The squire's daughters in the hunting season will do well to put aside their classical music for a time and take up a "national overture,"—"Rob Roy," a pianoforte duet on Scotch airs, by W. M. Foster and E. L. Hime, which will make the lairs there present thrill with admiration and enthusiasm (E. Donaldson, Glasgow).

UNDER THE HAMMER.—It is to be hoped that the recent conviction of an auctioneer and his man—the one to twelve and the other to three months' hard labour—will serve as a salutary caution, not only to the rather extensive brotherhood of which the two rogues were active members, but to the bargain-hunting public generally, who are under the erroneous impression that goods disposed of "under the hammer," as it is called, must consequently realise much less than the worth. The imposture with which the rogues above alluded to were concerned was so transparent that it is difficult to understand how any person possessed of the minimum of common sense could be deluded with it. Their plan seemed to be to somehow obtain possession of a shop in a frequented street, and day after day beguile innocent folk to enter the premises, and then wheedle and bully them into bidding for and buying a lot of rubbish at four or five times more than its actual worth. But those who have a weakness for "dropping in" at sales should beware of much more artful traps that are set to catch them. As need not be mentioned, there are in London and elsewhere many public auction-rooms where business is conducted on strictly honourable principles, just as there are private-house sales presided over by auctioneers who are above suspicion. At the same time there are scores of unscrupulous individuals who, under cover of an auctioneer's license, lend themselves to transactions the reverse of honest. It would occupy more space than could be spared in these columns merely to enumerate the shabby devices these black sheep amongst a respectable flock will at times lend themselves to. As a rule, they have their "followers," as they are called—back-street brokers and "general dealers" of shady character, who are ready at a day's notice to accept an invitation to a division of spoil, for really it is nothing less. With the auctioneer's cognisance, and, of course, with disastrous consequences to his unsuspecting client's interest, they pack the room where the sale is taking place to the exclusion of the public, and the goods being "knocked down" to his friends by the auctioneer at ridiculously low sums per lot, a fair division of profits afterwards takes place, and from which, of course, the "first robber" is not shut out. Or a house will be taken by the fraternity, crammed with furniture of a worthless description, and after a month or two the whole is seized under a fictitious bill of sale—this, of course, to give the affair an apparent genuineness—and again the obliging auctioneer officiates, but this time the neighbours and the curious public at large are not elbowed out. Would it not be possible to take a little more pains than at present to ascertain that the individual applying for an auctioneer's license is as respectable as he represents himself to be?



A SKATING CARNIVAL AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

OUR POULTRY MANIA

"Of course you will keep poultry," said that strongly advising friend, and we said, of course we would. We had once before been guilty of that sin in suburban London, where in what was called "a run"—to wit, so many feet of back garden, enclosed with wire netting—six hens and a melancholy cock walked up and down in dust in dry weather, and in mud in wet, like so many prisoners in a debtors' prison, who paid our just demands in eggs, the instalments being received at intervals with gaps between. But out in the country, where there were no neighbours to annoy with the aforesaid M.C.'s clarion shrill, where there was a large field, a great farmyard, hay and straw stacks and outbuildings galore, the plan was hailed with acclamation; the fowls were bought, perches set up, and a fair start made.

"Everything depends upon having a good breed," said one friendly adviser, so we decided on a mixture composed of equal parts of Brahma and Dorking, which were to be prolific in eggs, and supply a great square meaty fowl for the table. So the Dorkings, whose chief recommendation seemed to be that they had young toes beyond the normal number of four sprouting out all over their legs, were purchased at a neighbouring farm, and were rather looked down upon for their downiness; and the Brahmas were bought at a London sale-room—four noble-looking white hens, and a huge, somewhat ungainly but aristocratic-looking white cock, with glossy green tail, small scarlet comb, flowing straw-coloured hackles, and his yellow legs and feet apparently encased in great feather boots. There was joy in the country home at the sight of these noble birds, who were christened on the spot, and then turned out into the poultry-yard, where their appearance created a panic amongst the dowdy Dorkings, who fled cackling into a corner, and stared at the strangers from town.

"Always provide your fowls with a heap of dry dust in a shed," say the poultry-books, "for in this they will bathe, and rid themselves of troublesome insects;" so this provision was made, and our new arrivals, white as the driven snow, must evidently have been longing for their bath, for after a parade of the premises, they went straight for the dust heap, and rolled and flapped in it for an hour, to come out dingy, dirty, and grey, while, to farther dull the lustre of his plumes, from that day the cock declined to trust his weighty body on a perch, but persisted in roosting in the dirtiest corner of the poultry-house, staining his breast of a dirty drab.

The time was quite early spring, and from that time we revelled—in anticipation—in new-laid eggs. A setting of thirteen was always to be kept in hand ready for any lady who intended to produce a brood, and the rest were to be eaten. Anticipation was, however, a good deal the order of the day. The fowls had an enormous space to roam over, straw and other heaps to rake in, and at feeding time they were so heavy of crop that they required but little food. They came back regularly to roost, for, after a few words and pecks, the Dorking cock mildly submitted to the better-bred Brahma's dictation, and the Dorking hens allowed the Brahma ladies to pull the best feathers out of their backs without very great remonstrance, but there were very few eggs. We were not so unreasonable as to expect twenty-five eggs per diem from twenty-five hens; but one, or two, or three seemed a very small number, and it became hard work to supply the wants of the brooding mothers, whose demands came on rather fast, several of them displaying an imbecile desire to sit upon the one china egg placed in the well-made nests. But, as a rule, the hens persisted in disbelieving that those nests were suitable for the deposition of eggs, choosing rather a depression amongst some stinging nettles, a hole in the cattle-yard, where a new-laid egg would be ready for the next bullock to make a custard in the mud with his hoof; behind the wood-heap; up in the loft; anywhere but in the hen-house. One excitable young Dorking, who always made a terrible outcry about such matters, laid three eggs on the top of a wagon-load of straw, and a carter boy crushed them when he climbed up; another made a nest beneath a laurel in the shrubbery; while an empty dog-kennel, far on the road to decay, was often chosen as a suitable spot. These were Dorking tactics, be it understood; the Brahmas evidently thought the laying of eggs belonged to the duties of the common herd, for only one of them ever stooped to such an act, and her's were the ugliest eggs that were ever seen, being flat, or distorted in some other abnormal way. They helped, however, to keep up the scarcity, for, after wondering greatly why no more eggs came in, these cannibalistic white ladies were caught red-handed, that is to say, yellow-beaked, in the act of digging the said beaks into every egg they found, sully their feathers, but eating it to the tiniest fragment of the shell.

Those four hens, evidently the clearing of some fancier's yard, died the death, and their lord solaced himself with the society of the dowdy Dorking hens. That year passed away; broods of yellow and brown chickens had been hatched, some to live, some to be trampled to death, and others to die of a peculiar disease, the particular symptoms of which were that every now and then the smitten chick would stretch out its neck, open its beak, and make a frantic effort as if to swallow the sun overhead.

Of the survivors some became cockerels and were roasted; some grew into fine young half-bred pullets, and were reserved with hopes of the future spring. One handsome young cockerel grew so rapidly and big, and showed so plainly his parentage, combining Brahma and Dorking points, that he was preserved, with some cousins of the gentler sex, in a separate yard, but as this caused trouble, some time after Christmas it was decided that he should run with the rest.

He was a handsome white bird, unlike his papa from the higher aspirations and aims of his life. He never grovelled on the ground to sleep, but in company with a couple of lady cousins mounted to a high thick branch in a great spruce fir, quite an attic as compared to the roosting-places of his relatives and friends. His weakness was crowing, his strength was gallantry to the other sex, for whom he reserved every delicate morsel he could find, calling loudly till they came, and apparently starving himself, but always looking brisk and well. That crowing weakness broke out all hours of the night, whether moonlit or dark, and he kept this up to such an extent that the old joke was seized upon for his name, and he was always called Robinson because he crew so. Robinson then was destined to be turned out with the rest, in fear and trembling lest he should be pecked, and his beautiful white and metallic-green plumage dragged in the mud, but there was nothing to fear. The old Dorking cock had died from something wrong with his "digestion," so the gardener said, and the enemy Robinson had to fear was the Grand Panjandrum, his own papa. But, as aforesaid, there was nothing to fear. No sooner had Robinson made his *début* than his papa swelled himself out, made an Elizabethan ruff round his neck, and charged ponderously down upon his *débonnaire* son, who stared at him, and stepped out of his way, but only for a moment. The next, this ungracious youth dashed at his father, knocked him in the mud, cut open one of his scarlet wattles, and sent him, with his feathers clinging tightly to his profaned person, muddy, drooping of tail, bleeding, his beak open, crying "Murder" in the galkinaceous language all over the place; and murder would have done had we not interposed in behalf of his deposed majesty, who was placed with a couple of Dorking wives in an enclosure to himself, where he stood bemoaning his fate in bitter language, despite the consolations of his companions, who picked his feathers clean, while Robinson, his son, reigned in his stead.

With the new spring and the new reigning king a fresh experiment was made. No more were the hens to lay at their own sweet will

all over the place, but every wing on one side was cut to keep them from surmounting the fence, and they were shut up in a grassy yard of a little less than half an acre in extent, with plenty of places at hand where they might lay their eggs. The change was admirable, eggs came fast, three, four, and five were found of a morning in a nest, and there were no dingy white Brahmas to plunge in their yellow beaks, and suck out custard for a meal. Eggs then were plentiful but those fowls! Those appetites! Those bushels and sacks of barley! Left to run wild, the birds nearly get their living, hunting out oil-cake from the cattle lodges, oats and barley round the stack, getting fat in gleaning time! But, shut up! It might be an exaggeration to say that every new-laid egg cost a shilling, but I am ready to pin my faith to sixpence, for the barley dispensed in company with meal and mixed-up bits was something enormous. Poultry books say, "Feed the fowls as long as they run for their food with a good appetite!" Why, if one had done this barley might have been given all day long, and then but for the arrival of darkness they would have asked for more. The very fact of their being shut up seemed to increase their appetites to an enormous degree, and the more poultry books were perused the more evident was the fact that their writers must have had exceptional good fortune, for no one who writes a book would stoop to exaggerate to the breadth of a hair! Certainly there was the pleasure of fetching in the new-laid eggs; but in wet weather even that excitement rather palled, especially when the poultry yard grew muddy to the feet. There was also the autocratic power of condemning plump young cockerels to death, and feasting afterwards on their firm white flesh; but chickens that cost ten shillings a couple, even if large and toothsome, are dearer to the pocket than the heart, and in spite of some, are dearer to the contrary, the keeping of poultry, all that has been written to the contrary, the keeping of poultry, save as a whim, is an utter mistake. If a few are kept about a farm or cottage, left to ramble where they please, costing scarcely anything to keep, and their eggs are hunted out, no doubt they pay; but, in confinement, the cleverest economist could not possibly make them succeed. They are by nature delicate, and a bad season acts like a poultry epidemic, sweeping them away wholesale, while the trouble they entail in rearing the young amounts to no little tax upon the time. Of course there are plenty who will be ready to point out the errors of one's system, but the experience of many years and many minds says:—"Don't keep poultry, for it can never pay."

G. MANVILLE FENN



II.

THE *Contemporary* fully maintains its high character as an impartial review, and is indeed the only one among the leading magazines which has not this month appeared as an election number. The article on "The Armenian Question" by "An Eastern Statesman" appears at a seasonable time. It was only last week that we reviewed a very excellent work entitled "Armenians, Koords, and Turks," from the talented pen of Captain James Creagh, and we are glad to see that so high an authority as "An Eastern Statesman," who, we have good reason to believe, is none other than Malcolm Khan, the Persian Ambassador, himself an Armenian, corroborates the views advanced by the late Captain of the Royal Scots. "The Armenian Question" is so closely bound up with that great Eastern problem, which even now presses for solution, that we feel bound to recommend this article to all who care to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the all-important, and shortly to be all-engrossing, subject. Within the last few weeks the papers have been full of the oppression to which the Armenians are subjected by the Kurds, the tale of the famine that reigns in the province has prompted the formation of a committee under the presidency of the Lord Mayor for the relief of their sufferings, yet England, not Turkey, makes the move to alleviate their wrongs. "The Eastern Statesman" quotes the 61st Article of the "Treaty of Berlin," to carry out which no attempts have been made in the interests of the oldest Christian nation. We trust that an enlightened Government will see fit to insist on Turkey redeeming the promises she so freely made when Russia was knocking at the doors of Constantinople.—The newly-elected member for Southwark contributes an excellent paper on "The History of Rent in England," which amply proves his fitness to represent the borough for which he now stands, and shows the wisdom of the choice of the electors.—"Scrutator," whose admirable letters to *The Times* at the close of the Franco-German struggle will still be fresh in the minds of many of our readers, gives an admirably summary of the state of affairs in Europe. Battered armaments can only be reduced in two ways, unfortunately we have not yet reached that stage when swords shall be turned into ploughshares and spears (a term at present equivalent to breechloaders) into pruning hooks. There is therefore one method by which military expenditure can be ultimately lessened, and that is by war.

Blackwood is essentially an election number, but the various writers on political subjects are egregiously wrong in their forecasts. For instance, in the article on "Brummagem Morality," a title scarcely consistent with the high character this magazine possesses, we are told that the people will inevitably revolt against political Pharisees, and an evidence that this reaction has commenced is to be found in the recent election in Southwark. We presume the writer, whose words were in print a fortnight ago, refers to Mr. Clarke's election in February, but read by the light of to-day's events, when the Liberals have so thoroughly re-asserted their power in the borough, we should be tempted to think that the editor has by mistake inserted an essay from the pen of Mr. Thorold Rogers, M.P. There is an old saying, attributed commonly to Hosea Bigelow, "Don't prophesy unless you know;" the closing paragraph of "Brummagem Morality" is a striking instance of the truth of the warning. The writer says: "At all events it is satisfactory to feel that the mass of the people refuse any longer to be duped, and have become alive to the fact that a political party which is endeavouring now to 'conciliate and accommodate' in conflicting elements by a compromise of 'the eternal laws of truth and justice' is not one to which the interests of the country can be safely entrusted." Unfortunately for the accuracy of this able gentleman's forecasts, the mass of the people have shown that they decline to be led by the party the writer supports, and by a large majority have shown that the late House of Commons did not represent the wishes of the nation, and they have accordingly recorded their votes in the most unmistakable manner in favour of that statesman whom "Maga" denounces as an unscrupulous demagogue.—"The Crisis Abroad" is a masterpiece of special pleading, its language rises oftentimes to eloquence, whilst the summary of European history of the past three-quarters of a century is most graphically laid before us. Unfortunately the author lacks impartiality, his hatred of Russia degenerates into a disease which, like cholera, infests its victim with panic, and makes him incapable of calm reasoning. The rejection of the Berlin Memorandum of 1876 in the eyes of many, did more than anything else, more even than Mr. Gladstone's impassioned invective, to precipitate the crisis. Yet this is not mentioned in the article; and the movement of British troops to Malta, much as it pleased our patriotism, raised a smile on the faces of European generals, who saw in the act a deed of braggadocio which might or might not portend a firmer attitude. With peans of triumph Ministerial supporters welcomed the disembarkation of 6,000 native

troops at Malta, whilst Europe grimly pointed to 27,000 Russian corpses lying stark and dead around the slopes of Plevna. Rarely has a more powerfully written article appeared even in *Blackwood*. The writer has the courage of his convictions, and it is well that such a stalwart champion should be on the losing side. Russia has been elevated into a bogey; we trust the day is not far distant when she may once more become our firm ally; but this will not be attained so long as fierce invective is employed to damage her character, or so long as every act of hers is construed into deceit, and looked upon as a covert attempt to threaten British interests.

We know of no English magazine which can in any way compete with *Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine* in the matter of illustrations, and few excel it in literary matter. "A Summer's Diversion" is one of the prettiest little American idylls we have met anywhere out of "Bret Harte," but it is not in the letterpress that *Scribner* stands pre-eminent. It is in its woodcuts, and they are supremely beautiful.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is well worthy the attention of English readers. All dwellers in Kent, indeed all lovers of the architectural beauties of our Cathedral cities, will be pleased with the homage paid to Canterbury by Mr. Richard Grant White. The serial story, "The Stillwater Tragedy," is conceived in Mr. Aldrich's happiest vein, and will be highly appreciated by all who meet with this unfortunately too-little-known publication.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Francillon's novel, "Queen Cophetua," continues with undiminished power.—"The Long Parliament," by the "Member for the Chiltern Hundreds," is a clear summary of the doings of the late Parliament, which, as the honourable member justly remarks, will ever be remembered for its turbulence.

The *Argosy* is unusually good, the most striking contribution being the instalment of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," which is couched in graceful language, and displays great power.

Amongst other magazines which we have not space to review in any detail, but which all maintain their character for sterling work, are the *North American Review*, *Belgravia*, *Time*, and the *Victorian Review*, which, hailing from the Antipodes, we welcome as an earnest of what our Australian cousins are really capable of. The literary capacities of the writers is most marked, and the whole work reflects the highest credit on the colony. We regret that pressure of room prevents our paying more attention to the little bantling which displays an unusual amount of vigour for one so young.

The fourth number of the *American Art Review* shows decided improvement as regards illustrations, and its literary contents are of very considerable merit. The three etchings are excellent in their way, and one, "The Passaic Meadows," by Thomas Moran, is remarkable for the impressive treatment of a very simple subject, and for a delightful "out-of-door" feeling rarely seen. Altogether it is a highly creditable number.



THE WEATHER AND THE COUNTRY.—March has done for farmers all that could be expected of the month; and April, in turn, has begun with weather in accordance with our customary anticipations for the season. For the first time since 1874 prospects are really good for the kindly fruits of the earth, and for our eventual due enjoyment of them. The farmer's work has been well advanced during March, so that already a considerable breadth of land is under barley; while oats, beans, and peas sowings are receiving attention, and mangold planting has begun. The dry but fairly frostless March weather has favoured the lambs, thus partially mitigating the losses by sheep rot. Cattle are doing well, and graziers say their outlook is better than it has been for many years. In the gardens the fruit trees are coming on well, while weeds are not coming up in the vicious profusion of 1879.

FARMERS AND A NEW GOVERNMENT.—Farmers are not now the sleepy old-world people they were once reputed to be. Misfortune sharpens the mind, perhaps; or possibly the smoke of engines and of factories, which now finds its way into the remotest country districts, has brought with it, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, the intellectual clearness it is supposed to throw over the great towns. During the past six months or so we have heard much of farmers' demands on the Conservative Government. We have also heard what Lord Beaconsfield was willing to do towards satisfying those demands. We must now remember that, although the balance of party power is changed, farmers' demands are in no wise altered. To the Liberal party leaders will have to be put the plain questions already laid before Conservatives. The answers will not be forgotten, one way or the other; and if rumour be justified in suggesting the likelihood of another dissolution at no very distant date, then farmers, having both parties' answers fairly before them, will be able to act with all the force of unanimity.

SEVEN QUESTIONS FROM FARMERS TO MINISTERS.—What should these vital questions be? We would say:—1. Will you shift the malt tax on to beer, or else promise its abolition as the first tax to be remitted on surpluses allowing remission? 2. Will you curtail the extravagance of School Boards, fixing a maximum rate not to be exceeded on any pretence whatever? 3. Will you thoroughly revise the present unfair incidence of local taxation? 4. Will you give farmers and landlords concurrent inalienable rights of destroying ground game? 5. Will you give the farmer absolute security for unexhausted improvements? 6. Will you give the counties strong local boards and extended powers of self-government? 7. Will you maintain the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act? 8. Considering that the Royal Agricultural Commission consists of twenty members, ten Conservatives and ten Liberals, will you accept its report as both impartial and authoritative, and will you give the Commission's recommendations prompt legislative effect?

THE SHAMROCK.—A correspondent writing to a contemporary says, "Which is the true shamrock of Ireland? Some say *Oxalis acetosella*; others *Trifolium repens*, and other plants have been named. It is clear that in Ireland both *Trifolium filiforme* and *Medicago lupulina* are worn." This latter plant is commonly called *hop-trefoil*. Irish folk-lore says that the true shamrock will not flourish upon English ground. Now all the above-named threefold-leaved plants do flourish in England. Of course, the Irish tradition has no accuracy, but to our mind it indicates a *rarity* in England of the particular plant commonly worn in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day.

THE CHIFF-CHAFF.—This spring visitant was seen at Mallow on the 21st of March. The chiff-chaff seldom appears before the beginning of April.

EDUSA OR RHAMNI.—A correspondent, whose letter, unqueried, is given in a contemporary, says he saw at Exeter, on the 20th of March, "Several splendid clouded yellow butterflies." Now the "clouded yellow," *Celtis edusa*, is not known to hibernates, and is seldom seen before mid-July. On the other hand, the brimstone butterfly, *Gonepteryx rhamni*, is very common in the spring time. Several years' observation have shown us that the first butterfly of the year is usually either *rhamni* or *urticae*, a "brimstone" or a "tortoiseshell." We are not bashful of suggesting inaccuracy in this correspondent's letter, but it is only in

politics that the unforeseen always happens. In scientific and natural history matters, chances are terribly in favour of the commonplace. Gentlemen of generally extensive information have sent us as important rarities, "tiger" and "cream tiger" moths, and considering how the "reputed British butterflies" have been thinned out of late years by scientific investigators, we cannot help thinking that entomology has suffered severely from hasty and imperfect observation on the part of dilettante naturalists and amateur collectors.

POTATO PLANTING.—The present dearth of potatoes will possibly tempt farmers to put in a considerable quantity of those tubers. This resolution however, if entered upon, should be carried out forthwith, for early planting is of primary importance to the safety of the crops. Late sown crops suffer much more from blight and disease than do early sown ones. The selection for planting of good varieties is of course very necessary. In the past, the selection has usually been of a very haphazard sort, but recent losses have led to investigation, and investigation has clearly shown the pre-eminence of a few special sorts. A third point is that potatoes will only do on certain soils, and hope of profit should not lead to the planting of unsuitable land.

FECONDITY OF SHEEP.—Mr. William Ayre, of Bishop's Nympton, has a ewe which gave birth to two lambs at Michaelmas last, and to three more lambs during March, in all five lambs in six months. The ewe and the lambs are all alive and well. In the flock of sheep belonging to Mr. Buttar, of Coupar Angus, fifteen ewes gave birth to thirty-six lambs, all of which are now thriving. Ten ewes have twins, four had triplets, and one as many as four lambs.

HORSE PARADE.—On Lady Day a parade of stallions occurred at Ely. This old custom of prizeless shows is one which we should be glad to see extensively revived. It is a good thing for the stock or horseowners of different county districts to have opportunities of noting each other's achievements in the way of breeding. But exhibitors for prizes have great drawbacks. Judging is so difficult and so uncertain that, except where an occasional exhibit compels general admiration, the awards can hardly be said to meet with universal approval even by the personally disinterested.

FLIGHT OF PIGEONS.—An open pigeon "fly" took place on March 27, from Rochester to Sheerness. Thick air made the time slow, for the winner took 50½ minutes, and the majority of the birds one hour, to do the distance.

SWALLOWS.—These swift-winged harbingers of spring were first seen in England at Teddington on the Thames on Easter Sunday, 28th March. Last year they were a week later in appearing at the same place.

FISHING.—Salmon fishing on the Tweed seems yielding nothing but disappointments just now. Salmon make 2s. 6d. to 3s., and trout 2s. to 2s. 6d. per lb.—prices for the season extremely high. By a bye-law recently passed, the officers of the Thames Angling Preservation Society can prosecute for taking fishing by "snatching."

FARMERS' CANDIDATES.—Farmers are to be congratulated on the return of Mr. Duckham for Herefordshire, and on the rejection of Mr. John May for West Kent. The former gentleman will be accepted as a worthy compeer of Mr. Clare Read; and not only will he be welcome to the House of Commons politically, but he certainly will not disgrace the name of farmer in "the first club of Europe." This could not have been said of Mr. John May, who hardly knew how to string together a dozen words of articulate English, and whose local sobriquet of "Hog May" sufficiently shows the estimate of his neighbours. To have "run" such a man was an insult to agriculturists, and must be accepted as indicating the utter want of judgment and good sense prevailing in the councils of the so-called Farmers' Alliance.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The British Archaeological Association have recently been discussing some grants of land in Mercia as long ago as A.D. 770. The state of landed property in England during pre-Roman periods is a very curious matter for investigation, and at the present time, when we hear so much about feudal complications in land tenure and the simplicity of "Saxon" times, it is worth noting that in this particular case there was a highly elaborate grant for three separate lives, followed by an indefeasible reversionary interest.—Dr. Voelcker, the well-known analyst, has recently made an interesting report on the composition and manuring value of chicken-dung. The report, however, is too lengthy and too technical for quotation here.—All persons interested in the question of unexhausted farm improvements should read the account of the arbitration action between Mr. Ralph Booth, of Hilderstone, Staffordshire, farmer, and the Earl of Harrowby, K.G. The property in question is known as Sandon Wood Farm.—Essex agriculturists will deeply regret the death of Mr. Collinson Hall, of Romford. This veteran pioneer of scientific farming was eighty years old at the time of his decease.—Six large stacks have recently been destroyed by fire at Mr. Potts' farm, Chester-le-Street, Durham.



SIR SAMUEL LAKEMAN learned in Algeria the value of the Minié rifle; and, though he could not persuade the Duke of Wellington to adopt it, he was allowed to buy 200 rifles, and enlist the same number of men, whom, armed and clothed at his own cost, he led against the Kaffirs. How he gradually got his lawless company of Cape lagers into shape; how, though they bolted like rabbits in the first action, they were "in the nick of time" rushing on with a ringing cheer, soon after at the Waterkloof; how their leaders, finding the glory of the day had been given to officers and men who had taken no part in the action, rode off to headquarters, and forced General Cathcart to write a special general order about those who were thenceforth to be called "the Waterkloof Rangers"—all this, and a good deal about Kaffirs and leopards and white rascals, is delightfully told in "What I saw in Kaffirland" (Blackwood). There is an incipient romance about Noziah, Sandilli's sister; but Sir Stephen is by no means an advocate for miscegenation; he shrewdly says, "Let those who dream of admixture of races look to the difficulties at home, and hold their peace." There are several passages of the author's Crimean War adventures, when he was known as Mazhar Pasha; and there is a lively account of how he got knighted because they would not give him a commission and he declined to buy one, and they found it best he should have a handle to his name before starting on a second mission to Turkey. His book is full of fun as well as of information; and he, whether ducking to avoid a Kafir shot and pretending he had stumbled, or saving from collision the ship that was bringing him home, or pitching Halil Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, into the water because he disobeyed orders, or taking Lord Clarendon to task for smoking in Windsor Castle, is always the central figure. He mostly has a grievance; but he does not worry the public by arguing about it; argument is superfluous for one so certain that he is in the right. He was right about the rifle, and about several other matters; and many will think the following as true now as it was thirty years ago:—"The colony was too unsettled to annex fresh territory with benefit to itself or profit to the land annexed; and keeping several

thousand troops at the Cape for the sake of punishing Basutos was like keeping up a large and costly hawking establishment to chase some troublesome crows."

Mr. Gillmore's business was to raise a Native Contingent during the late Zulu War. His success (or, rather, his non-success) he describes in "On Duty: a Ride through Hostile Africa" (Chapman and Hall), just such a book as we might expect from the author of "The Great Thirstland," "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," &c. Those who have not had enough of Boers, who won't sell (much less give) a glass of water to a passing traveller; of natives whom these Boers had plundered of their cattle and ill-treated in all sorts of ways; of lion-hunting, and the difficulty of driving unbroken horses, will find plenty to interest and amuse in Mr. Gillmore's volume. He does not praise the Boers; they are inhospitable, cowardly, dirty, and very few of them can write; he thinks their *Predicants* (who somehow all manage to get rich) purposely keep them ignorant. The Transvaal was annexed to prevent a massacre provoked by Dutch cruelty and unscrupulousness. The little Republic was rotten at the core; anarchy was rife; and the election of President was to be settled with the rifle, and this in the face of an impending black war. The State deficit had grown to 70,000*l.* because the "swiping, guzzling Hollanders" who held office would drink champagne at 1*l.* a bottle instead of Mynheer Van Dunck's traditional tippie. Their feeling to us was shown by their inquiring, when news came of a brush with the Zulus: "How many redcoats killed?" and crying out "excellent" when the loss had been severe. Mr. Gillmore notes the exceeding dryness of the climate—a man who dropped a watch in the veldt found it, two months after, quite unimpaired. He does not believe in the Three Years' Service Bill; a teamster, explaining the excessive rates of transport, said, "You see, we teamsters don't feel safe; those bits of boys you call soldiers won't stand, but skedaddle at the first sight of a Zulu. It takes a man, and a good one too, to fight them." To the loyalty of the "friendly Zulus" he bears high testimony; a large body of them, splendid fellows, was marching to the front, without a single white man, and not the smallest outrage was reported along their whole track. Like other South African travellers Mr. Gillmore often suffers from the extreme cold of the nights.

We have so recently noticed the new edition of Principal Dawson's "Story of the Earth and Man," that we need not say much about his "Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives" (Hodder and Stoughton). We heartily recommend it as an attempt to illustrate the character and condition of prehistoric men in Europe by those of the American races past and present, and in this way to show that the vast time-assumptions of some geologists are, to say the least, gratuitous. Our flint-knives and arrow-heads and polished stone implements are almost identical with those now in use amongst American tribes; we see this in Dr. Dawson's plates; and the ruder so-called chipped "palæolithic" flints of the Somme gravels he compares with similar finds in the Mississippi Valley mounds, and suggest that both may have been hoes used on the low lands by farmers who built their towns and kept their more finished tools on higher levels. His plan is to take Cartier's account of Hochelaga in 1534, "a round city, compassed about with timber, with three courses of rampiers, and in it about fifty houses, at the utmost fifty paces long, built all of wood very finely and cunningly joined together." Here were pestles for corn, baking stones, pottery, and all the other furniture of a prehistoric European village; but, within 300 years of its discovery the very site of Hochelaga had been forgotten; and but for Cartier, the Montreal excavators who rediscovered it in 1860 might have fancied they were dealing with relics thousands of years old. Dr. Dawson treats of the lost arts of primitive races (the potter's wheel, for instance, among the Redmen); of the physical characteristics of prehistoric men in both Continents; and of the primitive idea of God amongst the earliest European races and their representatives in America; and he is not only a good Hebraist and a thorough archaeologist, but has also had the great advantage of studying the savage as he is. As a geological discoverer he has a right to speak with authority on questions like the apparent age of buried remains as judged from the beds in which they are found. His singular fairness leads him to use this right sparingly and judiciously; his chapter on the antiquity of man is a most careful and calm discussion of a subject which too often sets rival schools by the ears. He decides (as we saw in his former work) against man's great antiquity; and his reasons for so deciding certainly deserve serious consideration.

We wish Mr. A. W. Ward, in the new volume of "English Men of Letters—Chaucer" (Macmillan), had been able to treat all the Canterbury tales as he had treated "The Pardoner's Tale." This was, of course, impossible in the limits assigned to him; let us hope that some day he may do for Chaucer what Charles Lamb and his sister did for Shakespeare. In discussing the facts and conjectures about Chaucer's life he has made able use of the latest authorities, Mr. Fleay, and Mr. Furnivall, of the Chaucer Society. His chapter on "Chaucer's Times" is an admirable sketch of English society in the fourteenth century. Several of the other poems—the translation of the "Romaunt," the "Legend of Good Women," &c., he analyses carefully, no doubt because they are less known than the "Tales." What were Chaucer's relations with Gower? Was he a Wicliffe? Were he and his wife cousins? Was he who so persistently decries woman (for, despite his grand tributes to wifely fidelity, the balance is still heavy against him in this respect) unhappy in his marriage? Did his large knowledge of Scripture come to him direct or at second-hand? Such are the questions dealt with in "Characteristics of Chaucer." On one of these, the genuineness of Chaucer's "Prayer" at the end of the "Tales," we venture to differ with Mr. Ward. He decides against it because the poet entreats pardon for his "inditing of worldly vanities," and thanks God for having had grace to translate Boethius. Was not this in the spirit of an age which drew such a sharp unchristian line between worldly and religious? Calderon, we know, on his death-bed gave thanks for his *autos*, and reproached himself for playwriting. Chaucer commends himself to us in his cheerfulness, his love of Nature, his thorough identification with all the life of his time, his dramatic power (he was the Dickens of his day, only not a dramatist because he was something almost more). Mr. Ward had a grand subject, and his work is well up to its level. His book will rank high in the admirable series to which it belongs.

"Joan of Arc" (Marcus Ward, London and Belfast), is one of the very best volumes of the "New Plutarch" Series. We are glad that it was entrusted to a lady writer; and we fancy few could have been found to do it better than Miss Janet Tuckey has done. She never gushes nor rants, but with loving sympathy sets before us the wonderful story as it has been told by M.M. Quicherat and Wallon and others who have set themselves to find out the truth about her whom their countryman Voltaire so vilely misrepresented. Joan's childhood, spent on the skirts of the legendary *Lois chesnu*, in a land so flowery that its town was called *Lallis colorum* (Vancouleurs); her call; her first converts, the worthy knights, John of Novelonpont and Bertrand of Poulengy, who forced the cynical Baudricourt to listen to her; the lazy, thankless king; the English, to whom victory had become a thing of course; and the French, bewildered by their first small successes,—all are brought vividly before us. By and by we have the cruel revenge of Bishop Cauchon, the fruitless protest of the one brave assessor, Nicholas of Houpeville, the loathsome cross-examinations, the sermons by Paris doctors, the whole weary trial, in which helpless innocence was matched against French *chicanes* and English violence. The death, which reflects as much infamy on those who gave sentence as on those who insisted on it, is forcibly described. Miss Tuckey now and then deserts tradition; thus she is silent about the

Domremy inn, and says that Joan put on man's dress, not because of a sudden temptation, but because her treacherous watchers had purposely taken away her other clothes. On such points she follows those who have diligently collected every scrap of evidence, dispelling many fictions, among others the notion that Joan escaped after all, and lived to marry a noble knight. This false Joan deceived even the parents of the Maid, but confessed her deception when confronted with the King. Miss Tuckey has added an index, and a brief, but valuable, appendix. Let no one read Schiller's "Jungfrau" without checking its errors by her truthful narrative.

"Farming for Pleasure and Profit" (Chapman and Hall) seems to meet with the success that it so thoroughly deserves. At any rate the series progresses; and the fourth, fifth, and sixth sections, on Stock-Keeping, Drainage, and Root-Growing, are fully as useful as those on Dairy-Farming, Poultry-Keeping, and Tree-Planting. Under "stock" Mr. Roland includes pigs, oxen, and sheep. Of the former he says: "pig-keeping upon a small scale ought always to be profitable in private families." The reverse is very often the case; even careful housekeepers sometimes overlook waste because it "goes to the pig;" and then, at the last, comes the inevitable bill for barley-meal. The fact is, farming on any scale to be profitable needs not only good helpful service but also the master's eye. Let no one, therefore, attempt to farm for profit to whom farming is not a positive pleasure. Our author's "economical contrivances for pig-feeding provoked the scorn of the labourers at first," and their success depended on the determination of the master to see them carried out; "it is on the adoption of such contrivances that the profits of farming mainly depend." What is true of pigs is equally true of cattle; you can even feed them on mouldy hay if you have it chaffed and then moistened with treacle and water. Mr. Roland pronounces against the ox teams which look so picturesque in Sussex and Glamorgan; but he thinks that oxen and horses will soon be alike superseded by the steam-plough, which must, however, we fancy, be modified before it can be used in the up-and-down fields of many of our counties. We are glad that he warns the farmer against mineral manures; they rather stimulate than strengthen, and, if often used, leave the land quite worn out. The volume on Drainage contains an interesting chapter on water meadows. Clear water is much better for grass than turbid; and stagnant water encourages the worst, and kills out the best, kinds of grass. The book also deals exhaustively with the sewage difficulty, showing the use made of liquid manure in various parts of the Continent. To Root-Growing is added a chapter on Hops, about which Mr. Roland got most of his knowledge by watching his neighbours. He insists on the value for pigs of diseased potatoes, steamed and baked; and we are glad that he has a good word for the *Girasole*, or Jerusalem artichoke, which Martin Doyle so long ago recommended to the Irish cottier. There are thousands of acres, now waste corners, which would carry this useful but neglected tuber.

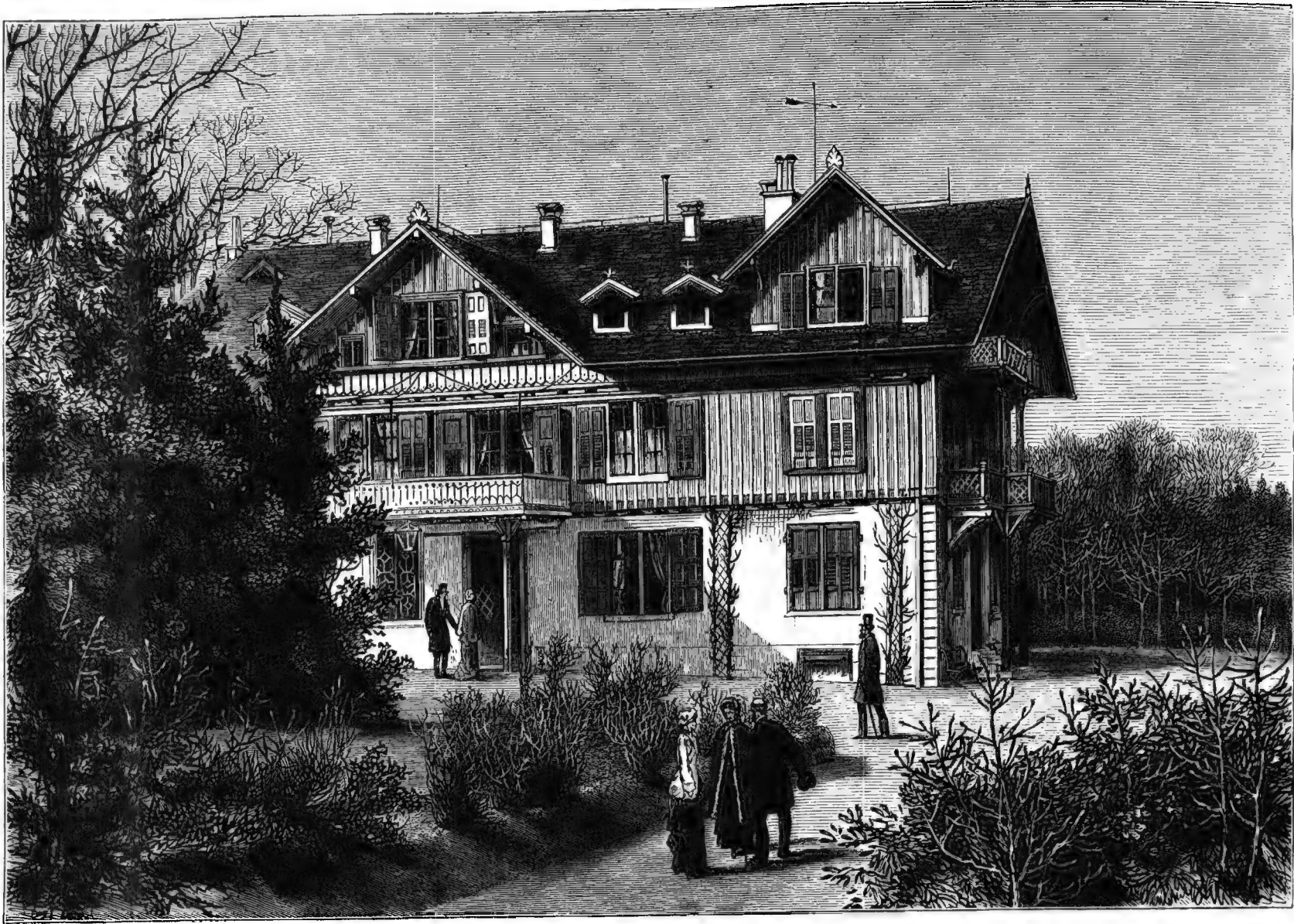
To speak candidly, we feel an inclination to "fight shy" of "The Realities of Freemasonry," by Mrs. Blake (Chapman and Hall). Interesting and attractive as the book undoubtedly is, the non-Masonic reader cannot help feeling a little uneasy as to the truth and reliability of the matter it contains; because, since secrecy is a distinctive feature of the craft, "how comes it," he asks, "that all these details of the inner Masonic life are allowed to be published?" On the other hand, a Freemason would be inclined to regard the book with some amusement; for he, and he alone, is able to see how often and how naively the author has wandered into error. We should scarcely be serving any good end, from a Masonic point of view, in doing so; but we could point out several very patent blunders into which Mrs. Blake has fallen, or has been led. She has made copious use of the misleading "Manual" by Carlile (whose name she persists in mis-spelling with a "y," and who was, we believe, expelled from the Order, and is generally repudiated by Masons); and of Findel's "History," as well as the works of several other writers on this mysterious topic. She scornfully denies that the history of the Order dates earlier than the Middle Ages—a proposition which Masons will as scornfully reject. Anent this point, we should like to hear what she has to say regarding the recently discovered symbols on the obelisk lately presented to the United States. But, allowing for all its faults and the difficulties in which the question is involved we cannot see that the book will serve any good purpose; and, to us at least, it is but another volume of doubtfulness on a subject already overflowing with mysterious uncertainties.

An admirable selection of illustrations from Messrs. Scribner's monthly magazines, has just been published by this well-known house in a handsome quarto volume, and demands the attention of all lovers of art, and particularly those interested in wood engraving and the illustration of books. It cannot be gainsaid that our Transatlantic cousins are far before us in the last particular, at least as regards landscapes, though the cause of their pre-eminence seems a matter as yet not easy of settlement. For ourselves we think that in America both artists and engravers aim at a far higher degree of finish and refinement, both in composition and execution than is the case at home, where in nine cases out of ten, book illustrations would seem to be regarded as a species of "pot-boiling." At the same time it must not be forgotten that the conditions are in favour of the Americans, who have the advantage of really first-rate printing and admirable paper, two matters which are of the utmost consequence to ensure success. Yet, allowing for all these advantages, there is in these proofs a marked delicacy and high excellence, coupled with an evidence of infinite care and pains expended on their production, which should not be lost on English artists and engravers engaged in this particular branch of modern art.

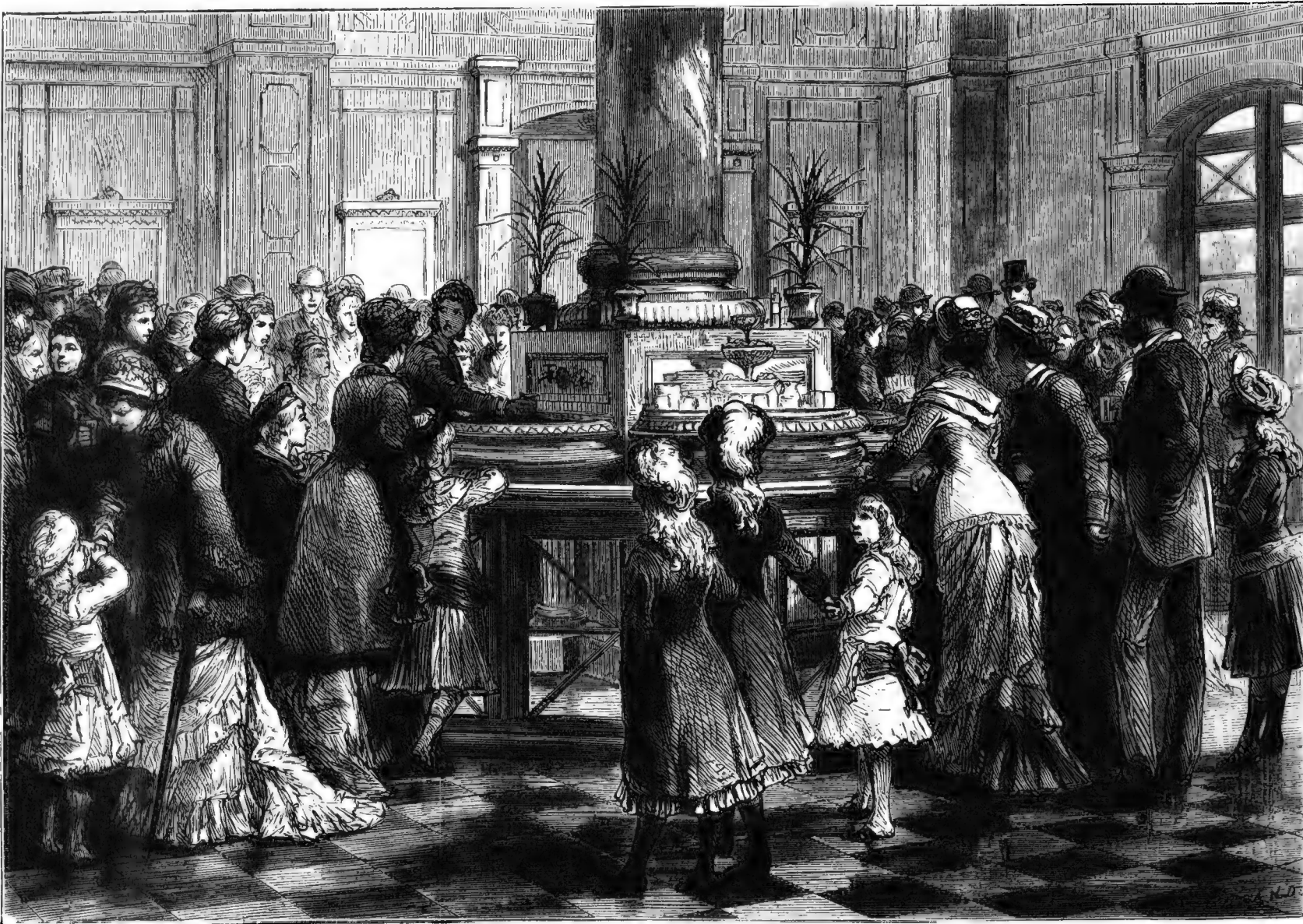


International Dictionary for Naturalists and Sportsmen: E. Simpson-Baillie. Tribner.
Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain: Hodder M. Westropp. Chatto and Windus.
Three Recruits (3 vols.): Joseph Hutton. Hurst and Blackett.
"Can Nothing be Done?" the Story of Robert Raikes: Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. *Hand and Heart* Office.
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Eikon Basilike—A Reprint of the Edition of 1648: Ed. J. L. Scott, M.A., Oxon. Elliot Stock.
Disguises (A Drama): Augusta Webster; The Ode of Life (2nd Edition). Disguises of Hades: C. K. Paul and Co.
Author of "The Epic of Hades": Edward Howe. Strahan and Co.
Roughing it in Van Diemen's Land: Edward Howe. Strahan and Co.
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Fynie's Flower: "Irenda." Hatchards.
The Chandos Classics—German Novelists, Spanish Novelists, Italian Novelists: T. Roscoe. F. Warne and Co.
Hodge and His Masters (2 vols.): Richard Jeffries. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN is building himself a magnificent palace, which will occupy four years in construction, and will cost nearly 800,000*l.* The style of architecture is to be half foreign, half Japanese.

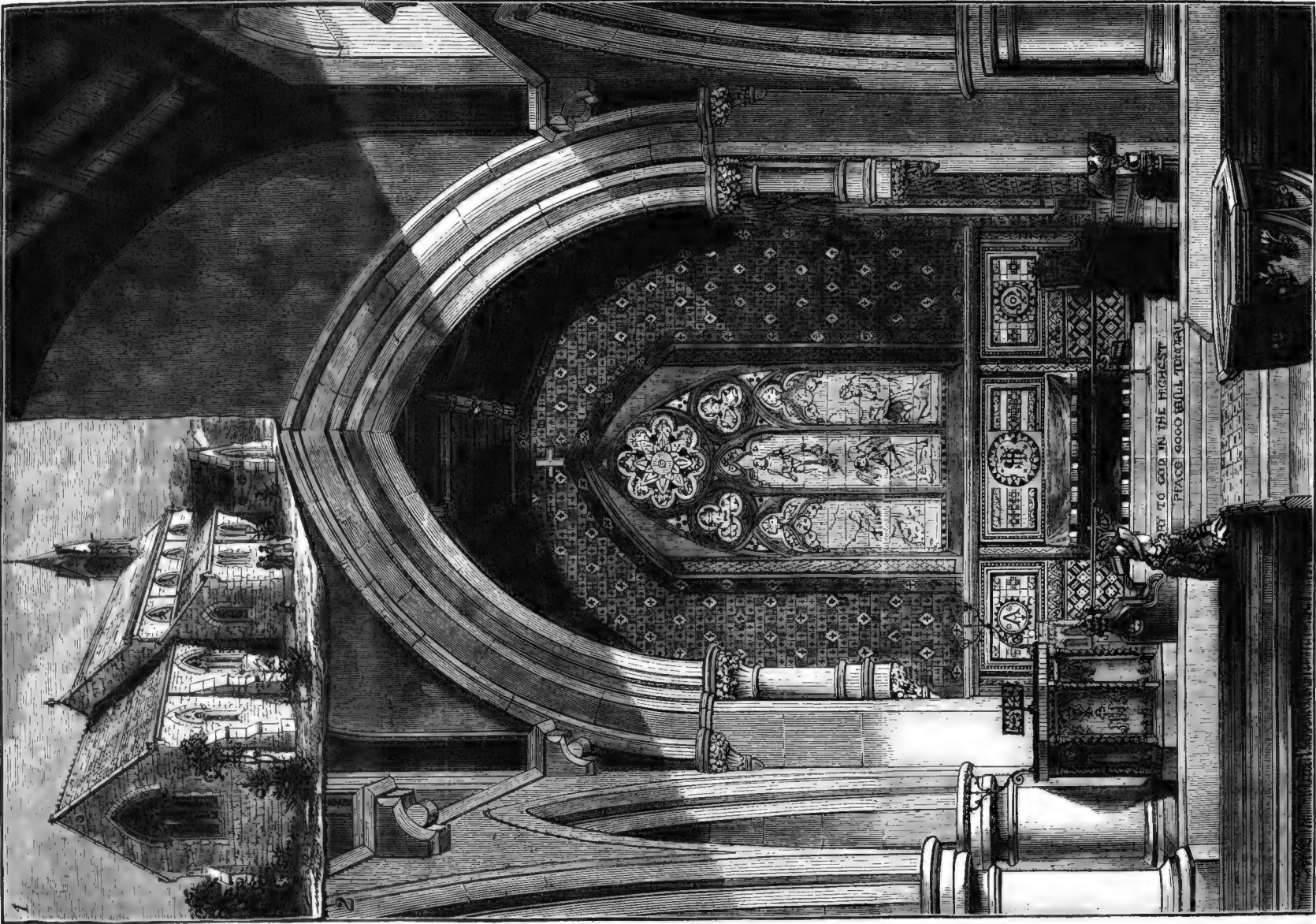


THE VILLA HOHENLOHE, WHERE HER MAJESTY IS STAYING

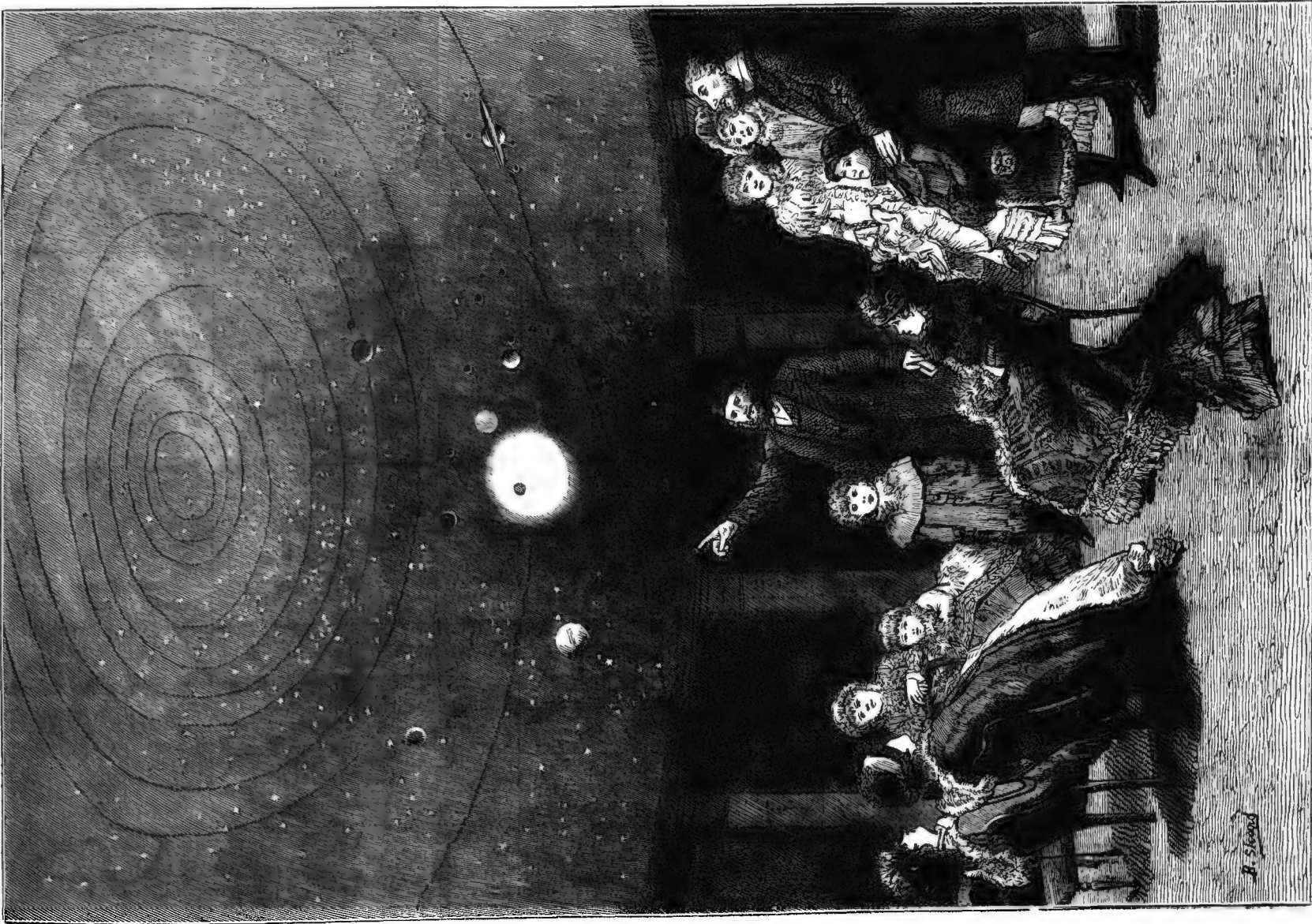


THE PUMP ROOM

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BADEN BADEN



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BADEN-BADEN—INTERIOR OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH



INTERIOR OF SIGNOR PERINI'S NEW PLANETARIUM

and a hospital, while a savings' bank and lending library have lately been opened. During the severe winter, too, a soup-kitchen has been added, while the poor are constantly visited in their homes. The Bellevillites largely avail themselves of these opportunities; but funds are scanty, and help will be most gratefully received by Miss De Broen at 21, Rue Piat, Belleville; by the bankers, Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, London; and Messrs. Monroe, 7, Rue Scribe, Paris; by the treasurer, Mrs. MacLagan, 9, Royal Circus, Edinburgh; or by the editors of *The Christian and Women's Work*.

THE LONDON SEASON is considerably influencing fashionable movements in Paris. Thus formerly the Paris season was in full activity from Christmas to Lent, at present it begins at Easter and runs on into the summer. The French now hunt in the winter or adjourn to the South, returning to the capital with the Spring. The French ladies, by the way, have developed a perfect rage for

lovebirds, and the *Parisian* tells us that there is scarcely a drawing-room without a pair of parrots in an ivory or tortoiseshell cage. These birds live in the greatest luxury, they eat out of gilded cups and drink from Bohemian crystal, shavings of fresh scented woods are daily strewn over the floor of the cage, and rare exotic flowers placed between the bars.

A SPLENDID WHALE, lately stranded in the Murray Firth, is being exhibited at Birningham. It is probably a rorqual finner, or razor-backed whale, such as are often seen off the east coast of Scotland during the herring fishery in August and September, when the finners feed on the herrings, and often injure the nets, while, according to Mr. Frank Buckland, the creature is 70 feet long, with a girth of 36 feet, its jawbone measures 16 feet 9 inches, and its tail is 13 feet 9 inches in diameter. Being of enormous weight—some 50 tons—the whale required steam tugs and rowing boats to tow it from Fort George to Inverness, where it was got into the canal

basin, hoisted into four railway trucks, and despatched to Birmingham, the axle-trees of the truck getting heated on the way by the heaviness of their burden. Twenty-one horses drew the whale from the railway to its present abode.

EX-MARSHAL BAZAINE is living quietly in a side street of Madrid, busying himself with the education of his three children. He is stated to have lost much of his interest in military pursuits, and spends most of his day in an armchair writing his recollections, while his wife and the nephew who aided M. Bazaïne's escape from St. Marguerite enliven the family circle. He still hopes ultimately to return to France, and his few visitors encourage him in the idea.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA has written a drama, in French, which is shortly to be produced by an amateur company in Bucharest. This is, however, by no means the first of the Princess's writings, as she has lately received a medal for her literary talent.

DEATHS.

On the 25th of February, at Cape Town, JOHAN CHRISTOFFEL KOOPMANS, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Assembly, Cape Colony. Sincerely regretted. At Kams City, Butler County, Pennsylvania, U.S. America, CHARLES SEPTIMUS EDWARDS, aged 70 years.

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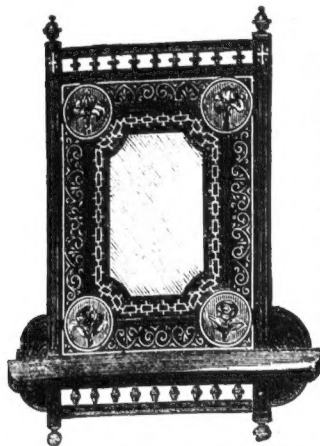
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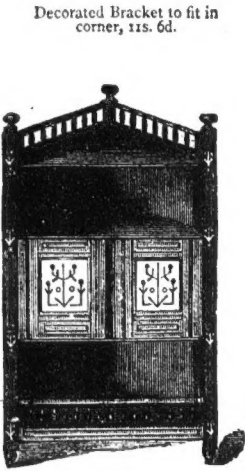
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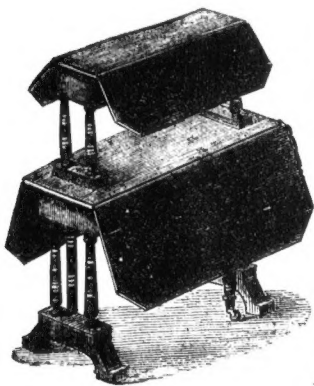
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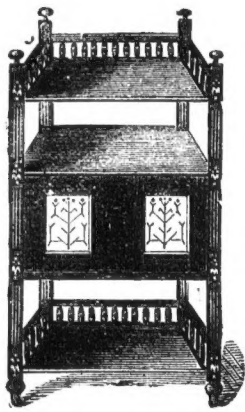
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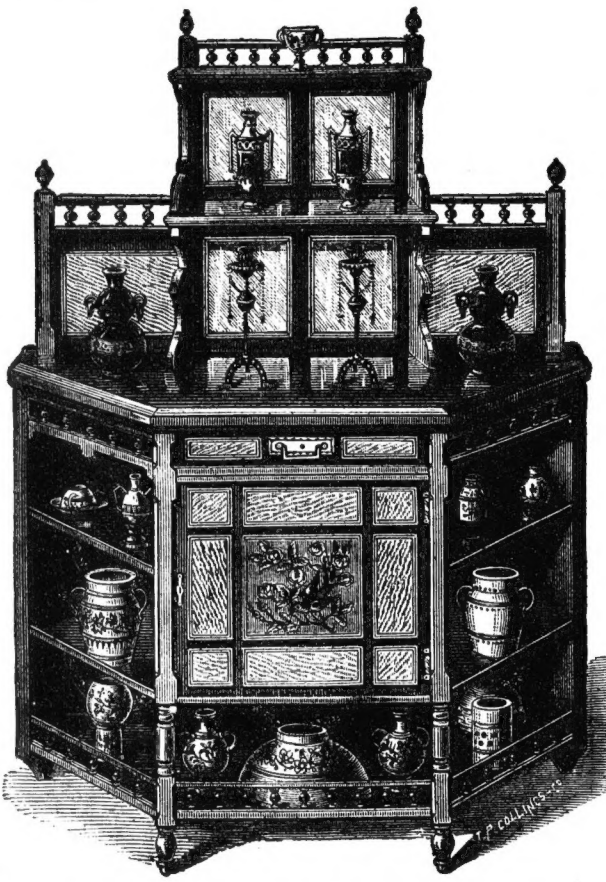
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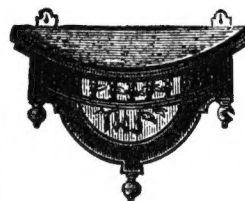


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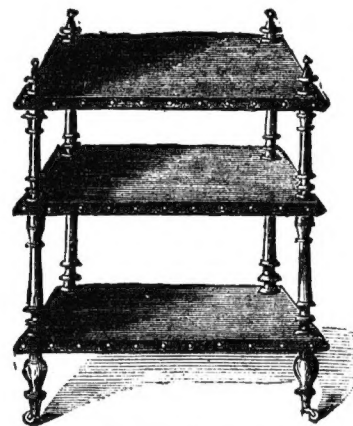
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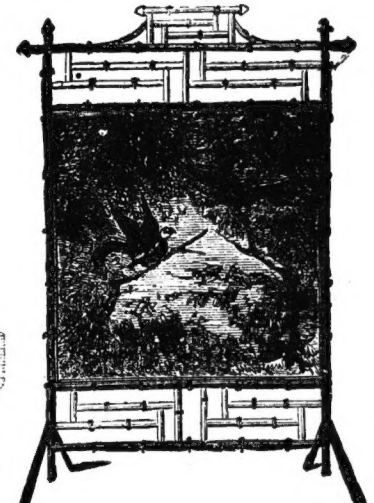
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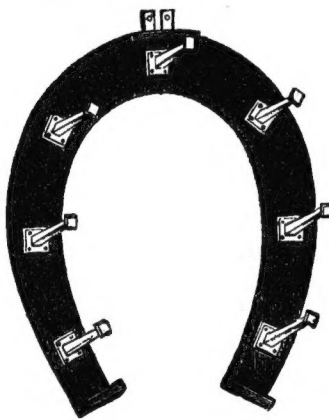
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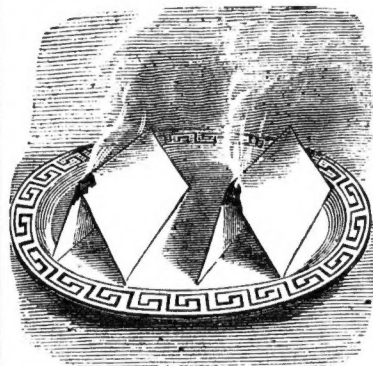


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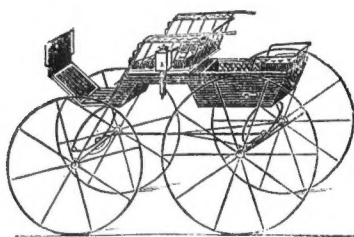
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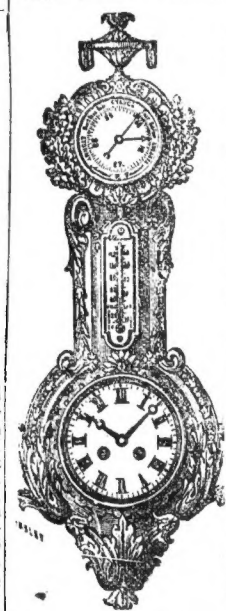
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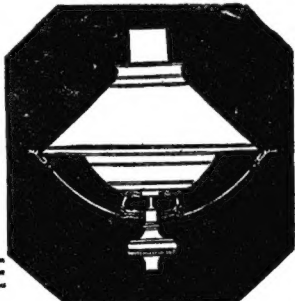
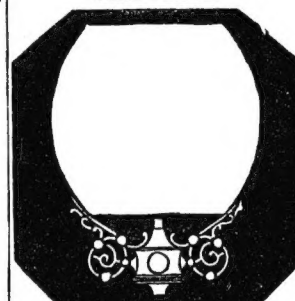
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